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THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

17th Year, No. 30
WILLIAM BOOTH
General
TORONTO, APRIL 27 1901
EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.
Price, 5 Cents.

The WAGES OF SIN

DEATH

The GIFT OF GOD IS

LIFE

SALVATION ARMY BARRACKS

HALF-WAY HOUSE TO DESTRUCTION

STOP!! WANTED BY THE POLICE

DEAR READER, YOU ARE WANTED BY THE POLICE FOR THE CRIME OF WILFUL MURDER.

BY WASTING YOUR TIME AND MONEY IN THE LIQUOR DESTROY DEATH

WHICH EVERLASTING DEATH DELIVER BY COMING THE RIGHT-REMEMBER THE POISON

WELCOME TO ALL SALVATION ARMY

A FREE PASSAGE TO GLORY ENTRANCE

BRIGHT, BRIEF AND BREEZY

Why We Need Secret Prayer.

No man can pray for himself before others as he can pray all by himself before God. He is insensibly affected and influenced by the thought of others, if they are hearing him, and noting his confessions and claims. God knows this, and it is in view of it that our Saviour counsels, "Thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

Don't Worship the Bible.

The Bible is not a thing to be worshipped. A savage might bow down to a telescope, but an astronomer knows better. The way to know it is to use it. It is not to be looked at, but to look through. To bind a Bible beautifully, to lift it reverently, to speak of it with admiration, to guard it with all care, is not at all to the point. Look through it. Find God with it. See what God was to the men of the Bible, and then let Him be the same to you. See the proofs of His power, and prove that power for yourself and in yourself. Search the Scriptures for the testimony of Jesus, and honour them by giving an honor to the one they reveal.—S. S. Times.

The Blind Man's Lantern.

Out West a friend of mine was walking along one of the streets one dark night, and saw approaching him a man with a lantern. As he came up close to him he noticed by the light that the man had no eyes. He went past, but the thought struck him, "Surely that man is blind." He turned and said: "My friend, are you not blind?" "Yes." "Then what have you got that lantern for?" "I carry the lantern that people may not stumble over me," said the blind man. Let us take a lesson from that blind man, and hold up our light, burning with the clear radiance of heaven, that men may not stumble over us.—Christian Union.

A Guilty Conscience.

Georgia has a stringent law forbidding its citizens to carry pistols, on pain of forfeiting the weapons, and paying a fine of fifty dollars or being imprisoned thirty days. Shortly after the passing of this enactment there happened a little episode which is worth repeating. The story, as quoted, is as follows:

Judge Lester was holding court in a little town, when suddenly he suspended the trial of a case by ordering the sheriff to lock the doors of the court-house.

"Gentlemen," said the Judge, "when the doors were closed, I have just seen a pistol on a man in this room, and I cannot reconcile it to my sense of duty to let such a violation of the law pass unnoticed. I order, therefore, to go before the grand jury and indict him, but if that man will walk up to this stand and lay his pistol and a fine of one dollar down here I will let him off this time."

The Judge paused, and a lawyer, sitting just before him, got up, slipped his hand into his hip pocket, drew out a neat, ivory-handled self-shooter, and laid it, with one dollar, upon the stand.

"This is all right," said the Judge, "but you are not the man I saw with the pistol."

Upon this another lawyer arose and laid down a Colt's revolver and a

dollar-bill before the Judge, who repeated his former observation.

The process went on until nineteen pistols, of all kinds and sizes and shapes, lay upon the table, together with nineteen dollars by their side. The Judge laughed as he complimented the nineteen delinquents upon being men of business, but added that the man whom he had seen with the pistol had not yet come up, and glancing at the far side of the court he continued:

"I will give him one minute to accept my proposition, and if he fails I will hand him over to the sheriff."

Immediately two men from the back of the court arose and began to move toward the Judge's stand. Once they stopped to look at each other, and then, coming slowly forward, laid down their pistols and dollars. As they turned their backs, the Judge said:

"This man with the black whiskers is the one that I originally saw."

What the Lord Said.

A poor man, who was looked upon as being very simple, applied to a church whose membership was of what is called the wealthy class, for admission as a member. He came before the appointed officers for examination. As it was an aristocratic church, they did not like to accept him into membership; but, of course, they adopted the tactics of their class, and asked the poor, simple applicant if he was sure the Lord wanted him to become a member of the church.

He replied, "Yes, he was sure, as he had prayed over it for six months."

"Well," they said, "better pray over it three months longer, and see what the Lord wants you to do."

He assented, and at the end of three months he applied again. The officers asked him if he was still of the same mind. He said, "Yes." They asked him also if he had asked the Lord about it. He said he had. Then they asked him what the Lord said to him.

The poor, simple applicant replied, "He told me not to be offended with you brethren; for He Himself had been trying, for the past twelve years, since the church was built, to get in, but He had not succeeded yet."—Selected.

Prayer and Prudence.

The name of Rev. George Muller, of Bristol, Eng., represents to many minds a man who achieved great success by simply asking God for it. This is a mistake. Although the main-spring of his work was in his closet, Mr. Muller was too practical to make a lazy dependence of his faith. He was a man of common sense and a man among men. An incident showing how he understood the command to "watch and pray" furnishes one of the best commentaries on the text.

When, on one occasion, a party of his fellow-workers were going abroad, and conveyance was ready to take them to the shipping pier, he noticed that a cabman, in stowing their small baggage, lastly thrust several carpet-bags into the boot of the carriage.

Mr. Muller had prayed for the safety of his friends and their property, both on water and on land, but he had also made sure that their ship was seaworthy, and he had counted all their baggage. He accompanied them to the wharf, and in the confusion there kept a cool head and a clear eye.

When the driver unloaded the moccasins from the cab nearly half the number of pieces he had put in were missing. He was mounting his box to drive away, but the watchful minister stopped him, and the baggage hidden in the boot was delivered to its owners.

In the school of prayer one learns many new lessons, and Mr. Muller

lived long enough to learn them all. None knew better than he that a trust in God which ignores ordinary prudence contradicts itself.—The Youth's Companion.

Appearances Against Him.

An excursion steamer was taking a pleasure party down the harbor of one of the large eastern cities.

The boat was crowded from cabin to rail. People chattered and ate peanuts, till, suddenly, the steamer began to rock. The motion increased, and presently one or two women looked frightened. Soon the vessel curved violently, and then a panic began. Men and women fastened on life-preservers with frantic haste.

The captain came on deck, looking cool and collected.

"There's not the slightest danger," said he. "She'll steady down in just a moment."

Several men took their cue from the captain, and went about enlivening the people. One friend felt that he was in public. He must appear self-possessed. Seeing a woman in front of him, one of the few without a life-preserver on, he rushed up to her.

"Madam," he cried, "be calm! be calm! There's no danger whatever! The boat will steady down in just a moment."

The woman looked him over from head to foot.

"If you feel so sure about it," she replied, "you might as well give me one of those life-preservers you've tied yourself up in so carefully."

The man looked down. He had fastened two life-preservers about his chest and waist, while his right hand gripped the third.

WISE WORDS.

No day can he live twice.

Wakefulness is not watchfulness.

When a sinner feels that he is lost, and loathes his sin, he is more than half saved.

Sin is always a sad mistake. Its primary meaning in the Greek is: Missing the mark.

Our grand business in life is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Carlyle.

No man or woman can rise up toward God and not draw others up a little out of their depths.—Bishop Fowler.

Enough used to say, "Every moderate drinker could abandon the drink if he would; every intemperate would if he could."

"Learn to labor and to wait" is a good motto; but it is well to note that the more you labor the shorter will be your waiting.

Life's real heroes and heroines are those who bear their own burdens bravely and give a helping hand to those around them.

The Greatest Command.

I do not ask for any crown, But that which I may win; Nor try to conquer any world, Except the one within.

Be Thon my guide until I find, Led by a tender hand, The happy kingdom in myself, And dare to take command.

—Louisa M. Alcott.

THE BEST PHYSICIAN.

A SOUTH AFRICAN INCIDENT.

Fever raged in the camp; first one man in the company-sickened and then another. Men staggered around, trying hard to hold up heads that burned and ached, and amongst them was a corporal, who worked his hardest to keep himself out of the hospital. Deep in his soul, he reproached himself bitterly for sinning against his Lord, and thought, "If I once give up fighting this I shall drop, and they will carry me off to bed, and I shall grow unconscious, and probably go out of this state to meet my God—unready, after all His goodness to me. I dare not let myself give in."

The entire band does not lightly relax his grip, although men have wrestled with him bravely enough of late. There came an hour for the corporal when the earth reeled and sun grew black, and he opened his eyes upon a hospital ward.

"I'm here, and I'm not ready to die," he thought. "What shall a man do when God has turned His face from him? O Christ, have mercy, have mercy!"

The nursing sister was passing over her patient. All she could do she did, but a veritable battle seemed raging within him, adding dangerously to the fever, and running up his temperature beyond the reach of remedies. Now and then she would go quietly up to the cot, and see fears running down his cheeks as he lay. Not a moment of sleep came to soothe or deaden the pain.

Anxiously she visited this distracting patient on the third morning, and, though utterly exhausted, he wore such a radiant look of happy restfulness as to astonish her.

"What a change there is in you this morning!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, sister," he whispered; "the greatest change."

"You are feeling better?"

His response was heart-felt indeed; but if he could have said just what he meant about it, the name of the Christian Physician would have had the praise. He who had sought and found His wandering son upon a camp hospital cot.

Learning in Odd Moments.

A friend, visiting a busy woman's room, noticed that to the pin-cushion, which occupied the central position on her dressing-table, was "The Recessional," which everybody knows about, but comparatively few people know.

Now, the pin-cushion is not the place where one expects to find a poem, and the young woman was asked to explain.

"I always have something I especially want to know planned to my cushion," she said, smiling, "and when I am dressing my hair or adjusting my collar-button, I just glance over the lines. Before I know it, I have the whole committed to memory, and then I remove it and place something else in its stead."

Now, this young woman is very busy, a stenographer in a law office, an earnest church worker, and a favorite with other young people. We had been surprised to hear her spoken of as "so well informed." We had wondered how she found time to acquire her information, but the pin-cushion revealed the mystery. She had learned the art of utilizing the minutes.

To pray is to desire, but it is to desire what God would have us desire.

Human empires become the dust of the earth; the Kingdom of God is for ever.

From the Far West.

NOTES BY LIEUT.-COL. MRS. READ

On board the C. P. R. S.S. "Minto."

A day's trip up the Arrow Lakes and the Columbia River affords me the first opportunity of sending a few notes to the Cry respecting our tour in the West. So many days and nights have been occupied in traveling, that with the many meetings, pressing business, etc., no time has been at my disposal for reporting our progress. If I were a cartoonist I would just here insert two pictures illustrative of the different stages of our journey—one describing the incessant motion of the train and its effects, and the other the unpleasant roll of the steamer— and entitle it, "Change of Pitch."

Oh, the brush of an artist to graphically depict the various experiences of a lengthy tour. As we pass up through the rugged and picturesque scenery of this Kootenay District, and look forward to our visit to Kootenai and Nelson, the memory of the victories achieved during the past three weeks makes us hopefully expectant for the success of the places yet to be visited.

After a night at that Portage, where, in spite of many attractions in town, we had a good crowd and a nice, interesting meeting, we commenced our campaign in the Prairie City.

Winnipeg.

These meetings are otherwise reported, but I want to say a word or two respecting them. Major and Mrs. Southall and officers were exceedingly kind and made every effort for the success of the meetings. The Women's Social work is a very important feature of the Army's operations in Winnipeg, as was evidenced by the splendid crowd of the Social meeting, and the interest manifested by all in the report that was given of the work. The further development of our work in the opening of a hospital was urgently pressed upon us. The Home is over-crowded all the time. Adj. Langtry and his officers have great reason to rejoice in the work they have been enabled to do, and the blessed results accruing from their faithful efforts. The year's report speaks for itself.

Girls and children cared for in the Winnipeg Rescue Home from March, 1900, to March, 1901—

Girls admitted	56
Given to Heaven	2
Married	3
Given to Friends	10
At Service	15
Unsatisfactory	4
In the Home	22
Children Adopted	45
Died	8
With Mothers	10
In the Home	14

Portage in Prairie.

Portage in Prairie's night was characterized by a spirit of enthusiastic fervor. A good crowd was present, and the welcome of Capt. White and his soldiers had no uncertain ring about it.

Although it was 10 o'clock when we commenced the prayer meeting, there seemed no inclination to move on the part of the audience, and, at a late hour, we closed one of the brightest services of our tour with three souls at the Cross.

Brandon.

Rev. Mr. Henry presided ably over our Social meeting in Brandon. The crowd was most appreciative, and Mr. Henry warmly invited the writer to return and occupy his pulpit (Presbyterian) in the interest of the Rescue work.

His Worship, Mayor Frazer, spoke most enthusiastically of the work being accomplished by the Army, and especially that of the uplifting of the fallen and outcast members of society. We organized and commissioned the League of Mercy here.

Calgary.

Sunday afternoon and night were spent with Calgary friends and comrades, and good crowds met for both meetings. Very sympathetic interest was manifested in the various phases

Nothing but the Fire!

Words by General Mrs. Booth-Tucker.

Music by Commander Booth-Tucker.

my associates

1. We, the pre-phiets of Thy host, Stand ing here in fore Thee.

For Thy pow'r, O Ho-ly Ghost! We as one im-plore Thee.

f CHORUS.

Nothing but the fire! Nothing but the fire! Nothing but the fire can fit me!

For a word of sin-ners lost— Nothing but the fire can fit me!

For the thousands we have slain,
Lord, we now adore Thee;
Tous of thousands more to gain,
We as one implore Thee.

God of battles, God of power,
What can stand before Thee?
For the conflict's fiercest hour
Fill us, we implore Thee.

Let not self hold any part,
All we lay before Thee;

Be Thou Conqueror of each heart,
We as one implore Thee.

God of ages, God of grace,
Search these hearts before Thee;
With Thy power come all this place,
We as one implore Thee.

Thine for time, and Thine for aye,
Battling, conquering for Thee;
Till all ended life's short day,
We in heaven adore Thee.

of work described in the Sunday afternoon meeting. Ensign Taylor had arranged for the Social gathering in the Methodist Church. Mr. Cushing (ex-Mayor) presided, and strongly emphasized the need of a Rescue Home in Calgary, and expressed his wish that the Army should institute such a work in this city. Rev. Mr. Herdman delivered a short address, in which he reiterated the remarks and wishes of the chairman, summing up his opinion in three points, 1st. That such a work is needed in Calgary; 2nd. The lines laid down by Mrs. Read were the lines along which it should be conducted; 3rd, in his opinion, the Salvation Army was the best organization to undertake it. And he supplemented these remarks by stating that he would do all in his power to facilitate such work if the Army would commence it. A good crowd was present and much sympathy expressed with the proposal.

British Columbia.

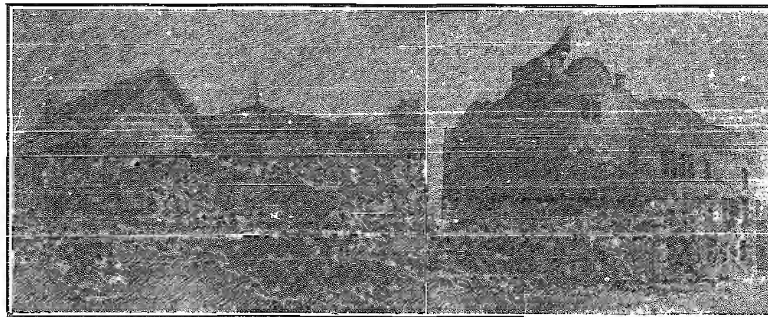
I have just finished up the Vancouver and New Westminster cam-

paign, which has been successful in many ways.

This series of services is otherwise reported, but I would like just to say that though our work is only in its infancy in Vancouver, the Home having been opened but a year, I was very much pleased with the report. Ensign Soper had to render. Forty-eight inmates have been received in the year, and eight children have been cured for. We have been much crippled here for want of suitable premises and for officers. Ensign Soper has done doubly for some months. I looked at and inspected a more commodious house—ideal for our work—which we hope to occupy in a few weeks.

I cannot speak too highly of the hearty co-operation of Adj. Alward, and the other B. C. comrades, and we shall look back with feelings of gratification to the interest shown in our work by those present at our meetings, especially on the Sunday afternoon, and the great crowd that thronged the barracks on Sunday night.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.



Former Winnipeg Barracks.

The Present S. A. Citadel.

Easter Councils at London

Colonel Jacobs Conducted an Enthusiastic Campaign in the Forest City from Good Friday Till Monday.

Good Friday heralded in the inauguration of the annual councils of the West Ontario Province. Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs were the leading spirits of the gatherings. London has not had such an awakening for some time as was witnessed by the splendid marches and magnificent crowds that greeted the Chief Secretary and his better half.

Both Friday and Saturday's meetings were such that made everybody feel that the Colonel had swung the campaign on the right track. London band, ever alive and up-to-date, was out in full strength at 6 o'clock Sunday morning. After a rousing round-up for knee-drill, it is needless to say that the gathering was one out of the ordinary run of things.

The Opera House was the rendezvous for the operations of the day, and a good audience was on hand to hear the Colonel's inimitable address on the true line of holiness. It was a splendid word-picture, and not a few felt that in that photograph was portrayed many of the traits of their own character. A number came forward.

Mrs. Jacobs, Adj. Coombs, and others testified to the un-got-overable truth of the glorious possibility of a daily walk with God. Ensign Hodinott treated us to one of his original solos.

In the afternoon

A Magnificent Turn-out

of soldiers made things all alive on Dundas Street, the open-air witnessed a large crowd, and London once more was reminded that the Salvation Army is still a very much alive affair.

The Colonel's address in the afternoon was a mastery deliverance, and one of the daily contemporaries devoted considerable space in reproducing it in its columns.

Adj. McHarg was given an opportunity of having a few moments, in which to express himself. He gave us a five-minute, well-chosen exhortation on the word "Come." Little Dora, one of the Colonel's coming Army, made her debut to the London people, and sang very sweetly her little solo, much to the delight of all.

Major McMillan guided the opening part of the night's proceedings, and Capt. Lawling pleaded for God's blessing on the gathering. Adj. McGillivray and Mrs. Jacobs had an opportunity to give once more the invitation, and at eight o'clock the Colonel stood to deliver what is conceded one of

The Best Pronouncements of God's Unadulterated Truth

ever delivered before a London audience. God unmistakably helped the speaker. The curtain lifted, and hearts saw as perhaps never before that God's eternal denunciations of sin are still in strict evidence against the wrong-doer. The Colonel's closing prayer was among the best we ever listened to, and we believe no heart was left untouched in that gathering. —One of the London Old Boys.

West Ontario Officers' Councils

INAUGURATED BY THE CHIEF SECRETARY.

A Presentation to the P. O.—A Message to the Commissioner and Her Reply—A Blessed Series of Meetings.

Monday, all day, officers continued to pour into the city, and the great welcome meeting at the Citadel was conducted by our esteemed Chief Secretaries, Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs. The preliminaries being over, Adj. Wakefield read an address of welcome to the Staff and Field Officers, and Adj. McGillivray actually replied to the same in a humorous manner. The Provincial Officer, Major McMillan, then read an address from the officers to Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs, in which deep regret was expressed on account of the continued and severe sickness of our much-beloved Commissioner, who holds an exceptionally warm place in the hearts of the brave West Ontario troops.

Mrs. Jacobs gave one of her cheering and bright talks, which was to the point, and much appreciated. She spoke very feelingly, indeed, to the unconverted.

The Colonel followed with the subject announced, "Ghosts." The address is a starter, to be sure, and was ably delivered. Sometimes the audience would be in roars of laughter, and at others deathlike stillness prevailed. The Colonel does not make his audience laugh without applying some forceful truth at the proper time. This was the Colonel's last public meeting, and was a fitting climax, indeed, to the Sunday's campaign.

Tuesday morning the Officers' Councils commenced, and it was with great joy we all learned that the Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs would remain with us for two sittings. These were times of blessing indeed. The text chosen by the Chief Secretary was Eccles. ix. 10, "Whatsoever a man findeth to do," etc., etc. This was excellently handled, intensely practical and instructive.

Great good to the cause will doubtless result; in fact, the writer has heard the Colonel often, and on varied subjects, but this was certainly the best yet. It was a masterpiece. This is the verdict of all. The incidents and leaves out of his own experience were very thrilling indeed.

The Colonel remained to hear two of our Staff Officers speak on the subjects sent on to them, but which they did not expect to thrash out before the Chief Secretary.

The singing of "God be with you till we meet again," and a closing prayer from the Colonel, brought the visit of the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Jacobs to a close, but the results will live on. The souls saved, and the mighty blessing and inspiration received by the officers will be carried all round the Province, and by the blessing of Almighty God, will bring forth great results.

The night session of the Officers' Council was taken up by the various Staff Officers speaking on their respective subjects, which were well handled. Each one had twenty minutes, and took full advantage of the time. Wednesday was again occupied by three sessions of council, taken up by the Provincial Officer and Chancellor, who dealt, firstly, with the business of the Province and our present standing compared with that of a year ago, and which is very encouraging indeed, only in one item having decreased, and that very slightly. An officers' tea was provided by the Locals of London corps between the afternoon and night sessions. The rapid way the appearance of the tables changed spoke well for the good health of the officers. A vote of

thanks to the worthy sisters by Adj. McGillivray was joined in by all.

In the night session the P. O. gave a well-thought-out and dery address on "Courage," and illustrated the same with forceful deeds of great men, whose lives are written on the annals of history by their daring deeds, being the most courageous of the past century, but when he came to our dear, devoted, and affectionate General, the enthusiasm reached the top notch, and this being his 72nd birthday.

A Message of Congratulation was Cabled, pledging loyalty to the good old flag and himself.

At the commencement of this meeting the District Officers, on behalf of their corps and P. O.'s, presented to their loved and faithful warrior P. O. enough to pay his passage to the Old Land and bring him safe back to London again. The Major responded very touchingly, and just here I might say the P. O. is not only loved and appreciated by a superior officer, but is a veritable father to every one. "Mother" was there also, and holds a warm place in the affection of the officers.

The Thursday morning session was the last of the series, and was a deeply spiritual feast. God came very near; it was, indeed, a Pentecostal wind-up. New consecrations, new vows, and old ones renewed, new faith, new light, and Divine power which will long live with and help the brave officers of West Ontario to go forward and continue the glorious warfare for God and souls.

The P. O., on behalf of the officers gathered, was requested to send a letter of sympathy and condolence to Mrs. Staff-Capt. Rawling, who, by the doctor's instructions, was deprived of attending any of the councils, and assurances of prayers for her recovery. Adj. and Mrs. Wakefield, who leave for the Temple in a few days, and who have spent all their S. A. career in the W. O. P., each had a few farewell words, and thanked the officers for their many kindnesses, making special mention of the Major and Staff-Captain.

The British Columbia Royal City Stirred.

New Westminster Visited by Lieut-Colonel Mrs. Read.

The Influence of Lieut-Colonel Mrs. Read's visit will long remain in the memory of those who attended her meeting.

The city cars had been announcing all day, in big letters, this event, and many had remembered her former meetings at this place, therefore, as the time arrived for this meeting, great was their expectancy. Excitement really got to top notch when the troops began to arrive from Vancouver early in the afternoon on Saturday, reminding one of the "old-time anniversary gatherings" back East, years ago. New Westminster, although possessing one of the best city bands on the coast, had not had

Such a Band of Saved Musicians for many a day; the massed bands of Vancouver and our own city, augmented by Bandsman Crayshaw, late of Winnipeg, and of euphonium fame, and Bandsman Jackson, from Calgary, made the busy store-keepers and customers stop and look, while people rushed to the windows to see what was up. Our Bandsman, Adj. Hay, led on the open-air in his characteristic style, assisted by Mrs. Jackson, nee Lieut. Kady, an old Royal City officer. A crowd surged around the open-air, but time was soon up, and we were off to the barracks, with the crowd following, and another one waiting inside.

The meeting was opened with a song from the War Cry, by Emma Bloss, after which we were led to the Throne of Grace by Mrs. Adj. Alward and the Rev. Ten Broeck Rey-

Then the following message was received

From Our Dear and Beloved Commissioner,

from her sick room. Always warm and inspiring are the words and messages of our dear leader.

"Loving greetings, my officers. Inspiring news soul-saving victories delights my heart. May abundant grace make you more than ever saviours of men beneath our glorious flag. My confidence with you coming Self-Denial effort. From sick room send you my blessing—Commissioner."

Sympathy and tears, mingled with earnest prayers for our dear leader, prevailed for a moment, but her warrior spirit seemed to be present with us, and the following reply was sent: "Officers in council highly appreciate your loving message. Return assurances of deepest affection. Pray God's healing hand be upon you. United to conquer in Self-Denial effort. Major McMillan."

The officers unitedly pledged the Self-Denial target at all costs. May the God of all grace restore to health again our affectionate leader. "The path is very narrow, but I'll follow," was the popular chorus of the day.

The commissioning of P. O.'s to their new appointments was the event of the night meeting. The Citadel was well filled with a fine audience, and everything was at boiling pitch. Forty-nine officers were commissioned to new appointments, but the appointments will appear elsewhere. The following Lieutenants changed the yellow braid for the red: Malsow, Fromans, Pickle, Knuckle, Groombridge, Crawford, Plant, and last, but not least "Kitchener" (Kitchen). May the blessing of God be with them. The London band rendered splendid service both at the open-air and indoor meetings. The open-air, by the way, was a rousing one, and a tremendous crowd gathered.

The meeting was a red-hot, boiling-over time all the way through. The testimonies were of the real sound ring. The P. O.'s charge to his troops was logical and forceful. The Bible reading by Adj. Coombs was most appropriate, and after a strong appeal by the P. O., the Chancellor prayed and brought to a close one of the most blessed and inspiring gatherings it has been our privilege to attend.

holds, of the Reformed Episcopal Church. The Rev. Mr. Betts, of the Methodist Church, and chairman of the meeting, then in his warm-hearted manner introduced the Lieut-Colonel to the audience, who was received with clapping of hands. In the typical, thorough Western style.

Mrs. Read was not many seconds in getting into the hearts of her sympathetic and appreciative audience, and from beginning to end held them riveted by Divine power. Words fail to express what followed: swayed like a great oak tree, or heaved up and down like the swell of the ocean, was the audience, as Mrs. Read took for her text the word, "Hope," taking us

From Hospital Ward to Prison Cell, and from the cots of the little ones in the Army Shelters to the poor unfortunates in the glided palaces of sin, down to the miserable hovels in the slums, and in turn bringing some lost one from these places to God by that word, "Hope."

"Do you remember Capt. So-and-so?" said a stylishly-dressed young man. "I was his Cadet 17 years ago." Oh, the backsliders of the West! "I am glad I came here tonight," said the Reformed Episcopal Pastor. "It has been a dark week to me, and this will help me with my services to-morrow."

The chairman was touched, like the rest, and in warm terms spoke of the Army's work, and when Mrs. Adj. Alward sang "The Bird with the Broken Pinion," it seemed to mellow every heart, and the big tall man in the front who had, with a large handkerchief, been, all through the meeting,

wiping the tears from his eyes, seemed as though he would like to listen all night. However, the meeting had to be closed a little earlier than it otherwise would have been, owing to Mrs. Read and the Vancouver party having to catch the last car, but not without the Rev. Mr. Betts committing us all to God.

New Westminster says, "Come again soon, Lieut-Colonel."—F. R. B.

Newfoundland Warfare.

MAJOR AND MRS. SMEETON WITH THE ST. JOHN'S CORPS.

Major and Mrs. Smeeton paid No. 1. a visit on Sunday, March 31st. This was their first Sunday with us, and, to say the least, it was a time of blessing and power. Our new leaders have jumped right into the hearts of the people, and the soldiers rallied to the meeting in good shape. From early morning until the close of the night's meeting the presence of the Master was felt, and the convicting Spirit of the Holy Ghost was vividly manifested by the result of the test, seven precious souls being liberated from the thralldom of sin. The congregations were excellent, and at night we were compelled to hold an overflow meeting in the schoolhouse. It was to be regretted that Mrs. Smeeton had contracted a cold, which to some extent kept her in the background, and the long looked-for solos have to be patiently waited for. The Major, in all his discourses, put forth, in no uncertain tone, the consequences of sin, and many consciences were smitten.

A Local Officers' meeting was held after the afternoon meeting, when the Major again laid the claims of the kingdom before us. Also the Self-Denial Effort came in for a share of comment.

Wednesday evening a Soldiers' and Converts' meeting was conducted by the P. O. and his wife, which a most profitable time was spent. The testimonies of the comrades pledging themselves to fidelity to the Cross and the Army, and assurances of their untiring help as hitherto in all the various undertakings, and repeated welcomes to the Major and Mrs. Smeeton, made the meeting one long to be remembered. The Bible reading was a blessing, and one which will bring forth much fruit.

ST. JOHN'S II.

We had our new Provincial Officers with us for Sunday. A good start was made with the knee-drill, when God came near and blessed our souls. The testimonies were of the right ring, and the oneness of spirit voiced the sentiments of every heart. It was Easter Sunday, and indeed it was to more than one heart as we knelt at His feet and were baptized afresh. The holiness meeting, a goodly number turned out, and again the Spirit of the Lord came to our help.

The afternoon service was an exceptionally good one. Our barracks was packed, and from the outskirts of the first song to the last, things went with a swing. This is the place for a real, good old-timer, and our hall re-echoed with the "glad new song." This meeting had of necessity to be curtailed, owing to the Locals' meeting after, which was a real good one. The words of counsel given by the Major were well in season.

When we returned at night from a good, rousing open-air to the barracks, we were pleasantly surprised to find the hall filled up to the top. A good number of live testimonies were given. Mrs. Smeeton's remarks were terse and pointed. The Major again wielded the two-edged sword, and the blows fell thick and fast, as one after another of the altitudes of the evil one were unmasked. Our prayer meeting was good; it was a long pull, and though only two of them were down, yet the deliberate way in which the surrender was made, especially that of an old soldier, who, for thirteen years, has been a backslider, leaves us hoping that these converts will stand.

IN THE

The Territorial Margeetta Hay—Twenty-Six

Snow and much throughout the daunted, Lieut. O. gets, with little and some splendid cheer and hesshndiers, and pointed the Saviour.

Thursday night salvation meeting, Colonel Introduce song, now becoming "The path is very" was taken up by the crowd.

The Good Friday the praise meeting, eight o'clock, as was vividly brought home, and glorious. Our dear comrade's daughter, a Sledge result, and encountering his other dilemmas. His heart's recent conversion and hired man, ing soldiers.

After the morning is boarded for the meeting was held one again at night the Saviour here.

Huntsville, who spent, was the ties, and glorious. Saturday night on "My British interesting manner eight years of Country, having eer, and in comant, with two so

Were Sentenced in the Norwich Cell in their cell an indignation meetings.

Special Easter on Sunday. Two in different parts morning—one led at his house, and Mrs. Marge At one of these attended the Saturday was converted.

There is an e here. One hundred and seven Comp Colonel reviewed and Mrs. Marge and Mrs. Marge stable talk.

Hidden sins w broken pledges the secrets of u revealed, as the truth shone in u ling; and while thirteen souls and rose to a new Jesus. It was at the powers of d

Mrs. Margeetta in the afternoon appeal to hactes of much good. tured.

The night meo costal time. Th with an attentiv light and new p ed to the source who were seek the dead" shudd brought to hea Spirit of God y fest in the pray onel urged the bring their own to Jesus, and it to see them p their fathers a

IN THE MUSKOKA DISTRICT.

The Territorial Secretary and Mrs. Margette Have Pentecostal Times—Twenty-Seven Seek the Saviour.

Snow and mud were in evidence throughout the trip, but, nothing daunted, Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Margette, with little grace, pushed ahead, and some splendid meetings brought cheer and blessing to officers and soldiers, and pointed many sinners to the Saviour.

Thursday night, at Barrie, a real salvation meeting was held. The Colonel introduced the recent new song, now becoming a general favorite. "The path is very narrow," which was taken up heartily, and enjoyed by the crowd.

The Good Friday spirit prevailed in the praise meeting that morning at eight o'clock, as our dying Saviour was vividly brought to remembrance. Some good testimonies were given. Our dear comrade, Father Mylen, and his daughter, a new convert, as a Siege report, drove in twelve miles, encountering high snowbanks and other difficulties to attend the meetings. His heart is rejoicing over the recent conversion of this daughter, and hired man, who are soon becoming soldiers.

After the morning meeting the train is boarded for Bracebridge, where a meeting was held in the afternoon, and one again at night. One soul sought the Saviour here.

Huntsville, where the week-end was spent, was the scene of several baptisms, and glorious victories. Saturday night Mrs. Margette spoke on "My British Battles." In a very interesting manner she depicted her eight years' officership in the Old Country, having been a Divisional Officer, and in command of fifteen corps. In Yarmouth she and her Lieutenant, with two soldiers.

Were Sentenced to Seven Days in the Norwich Castle, but while waiting in their cell, the fishermen held an indignation meeting, and paid their fines.

Special Easter subjects were taken on Sunday. Two knee-drills were held in different parts of the town in the morning—one led by the J. S. S.-M., at his house, and the other by Colonel and Mrs. Margette in the barracks. At one of these a young man, who had attended the Saturday night's meeting, was converted.

There is an excellent Junior work here. One hundred children attend and seven Companies are worked. The Colonel reviewed the lesson with them, and Mrs. Margette gave them a profitable talk.

Hidden sins were brought to light, broken pledges were uncovered, and the secrets of unwashed hearts were revealed, as the search-light of God's truth shone in upon the holiness meeting; and while the light was falling thirteen souls confessed their sins, and rose to a newness of life in Christ Jesus. It was a decided victory over the powers of darkness.

Mrs. Margette enrolled six soldiers in the afternoon, and the Colonel's appeal to backsliders was productive of much good. Three wanderers returned.

The night meeting was a real Pentecostal time. The building was filled with an attentive audience. With new light and new power they were pointed to the source of all life, and they who were seeking "the living among the dead" shuddered as the truth was brought to bear upon them. The Spirit of God was wonderfully manifest in the prayer meeting. The Colonel urged the soldiers to go and bring their own relatives and friends to Jesus, and it was a beautiful sight to see them put their arms around their fathers and mothers, and bro-

thers and sisters, and plead with them to come to the Saviour. Numbers were seen weeping, nine sought the risen Christ, and many others were deeply convicted, but stubbornly fought against God right through the meeting.

Special Cases.

A young lady from Huntsville came to visit some friends in Toronto during the Siege, attended the Huron Street meetings, and was converted there. On the occasion of her farewell from Huron St., two weeks previous to the T. S.'s visit to Huntsville, it so happened that Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Margette were leading the meeting. The Colonel mentioned a special case, in which one member of the family was converted, and in a short time brought all the rest to Jesus; and asked this sister if she would do the same. She promised to do her best, and left the city. On his arrival in Huntsville the Colonel found this sister taking a decided stand for God, though undecided as to becoming a soldier, her way being somewhat blocked. However, God opened the way that Easter Sunday. One, whom she was especially interested in, gave himself fully to God in the morning; she took her place and was enrolled as a soldier in the afternoon, and at night her cup of joy was running over when she saw her mother kneeling at the Mercy Seat.

On account of pressure of business at Headquarters, the Colonel had to return home on Monday. While Mrs. Margette, with the Huntsville officers, and a few soldiers, visited Burk's Falls, with a view to opening a corps there. In order to reach the place in time for a meeting, they had to travel in a baggage car, and were just four hours going the twenty-five miles. They were well received. The Methodist Church was kindly loaned for the meeting, and the minister practically assisted in many ways. He also did the janitor's work, the latter being unable to come. There was a large crowd, the interest was good, and the people responded liberally to the offering. They have recently had a revival in this church, and some who had at one time been S. A. soldiers in different parts of Ontario, but were

backslidden, renewed their vows, and there are already fourteen waiting to be enrolled as soldiers when the Army opens, which will be in a short time. Mrs. Margette and Gracie returned the next day to their loved ones at home, having spent a pleasant and profitable Easter in the Muskoka District.—W.

MAJOR PICKERING AT HAMILTON.

13 Souls During Easter Meetings.

A united meeting was held in this city on the occasion of the Major's first visit as P. O. for the Central Ontario Province.

On Good Friday night, at the reception meeting, we had a good attendance. Staff-Capt. Stanyon, who accompanied the Major, acted as chairman, which duty he performed in proper S. A. style. Adjt. DesBrisay spoke on behalf of the Hamilton corps and District, and Capt. Rennie for the visiting officers and soldiers.

After the ceremony of introducing the new P. O. was over, the Major rose to speak, and his audience, which had come full of expectancy, was not disappointed. The Major handled his subject well, and at the close of the meeting we had the joy of seeing

Two Backsliders at the Mercy Seat.

On Sunday we had the largest attendance at knee-drill for some time. The holiness meeting was the best for some time past. We had the searchlight of God turned upon our hearts and rejoiced in seeing six Seniors and two Juniors coming forward for more complete consecration.

At night we had a crowded house, and the Major held the people in rapt attention until the close.

Staff-Captain Stanyon brought the prayer meeting to a successful finish with three souls at the Cross.

The Musical Meeting

On Monday was a success; the brass band gave several very good selections. Mrs. Staff-Captain Stanyon's tribute was very much enjoyed.

We closed the meeting with the swearing-in under the colors of seven converts. Bro. Povey was also commissioned as Social Sergt.-Major.—T. I. A.

If men put more sense into their sacred service the world would put more faith in their sanctity.

LAZARUS IN THE EAST.

G. B. M. Notes by Ensign Jos. Parker.

The East, the glorious East. Its balmy breezes which go through you like a knife; its storm-tossed waters, which have a voracious appetite for your breakfast, swallowed before you launched forth; its lovely valleys full of cherry trees, its beautiful towns with sidewalks of—well, ask those who have been here. Well, praise the Lord, I am in the East!

Well, sir, they are a warm-hearted crowd here, and I feel very much at home. I have heard of people being "killed with kindness." It must have happened here, for such a shower of kind words, kind looks, kind acts, and hearty welcomes have been my lot. I scarce know what return to make for it all.

At every corps visited so far, I have had a good time. Finances have been good, crowds good, and people pleased with the service shown with the new lantern light.

About 200 new boxes have been placed in the hands of the Agents, who have promised to find places for them, and push the G. B. M. still higher. Six new Agents have been enlisted and are taking the work up heartily.

The chaplainships of the Province for the quarter ending March 31st stand as follows: Charlottetown heads the list for amount collected, with \$18.43, against Glace Bay, with \$17.15; but when the special collection to included matters are reversed, Glace Bay shows \$20.75, while Charlottetown only has \$19.06.

A faithful warrior, Miss Ellis, at the latter place, is laid aside with a broken limb; too bad. Glace Bay Agents declare they are going to make things hum in the June Quarter. Bro. McPherson challenges the whole Province to get the most in the box in the barracks. Surely someone will have the courage to take this up.

The Agents who got the largest amounts are Miss Ellis, Charlottetown \$18.43; Bro. Cossett, Sydney, \$11.14; Treas. McLennan, Glace Bay, \$11.00. Bro. Cossett, of Sydney, will have to do some sharp work to keep ahead when the Glace Bay man hears this.

But a voice comes from a lad yet in his teens. "How much do you want me to get next time? I want a target." Tremble, ye Gollaths; here is a David that may bring you down. God bless the courageous Wear, of Annapolis.

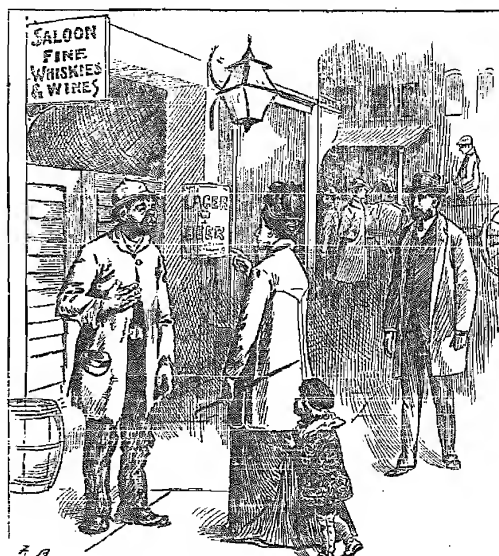
Capt. Thompson, of North Sydney, sold 100 tickets himself to have the lantern service repeated at his corps, and we took in \$17.30 for the repeat. Not bad for the second time, was it?

These Thompsons are great people, for the Glace Bay Thompson arranged to have two meetings for the Sunday night I was there, and so your humble servant took the band, and held forth in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, while the Captain held the fort in the barracks, and we had a crowd at both places.

We took in \$20.60 for one lantern service at Sydney. But, would you believe it? Cape Breton has been knocked out by the P. E. I. Adjutant. Yes, sir, Charlottetown did \$20.70 for the lantern service. This is getting pretty warm work. I should not wonder if someone else in the part I have not reached this quarter does better still. Byers, at Springhill, is a dangerous man, I know. I am going to see him after April Fool's Day. I wonder what he will do. I'll tell you next time how it turned out.

Nine souls at Charlottetown Sunday night.

Modern murmurers no bitten with the fiery serpents of their own tongues.



A DRUNKARD'S LOGIC.

LADY: "Don't you know that the accursed drinking habit degrades and ruins a man?"
BUMMER: "Aw, gu wan, I don't believe it. Look at me—I drink myself."—Ram's Horn.



WEEKLY AMMUNITION.

PERFECT PEACE.

SUNDAY.—Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you.—John xiv. 27.

Let worldly minds the world pursue, It has no charms for me; Once I admired its trifles too, But grace has set me free.

Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.—John xiv. 27.

ASK WHAT YE WILL.

MONDAY.—If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.—John xv. 7.

Knowledge, and zeal, and gifts, and talk, Unless combined with faith and love, And witnessed by a Gospel walk, Will not be a true profession prove.

Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be My disciples.—John xv. 8.

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN.

TUESDAY.—As the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you.—John xv. 9.

Oh, for grace our hearts to soften, Teach us, Lord, at length to love; We, alas! forget too often What a Friend we have above; But when home our souls are brought We will love Thee as we ought.

Continue ye in My love.—John xv. 9.

ABIDING IN LOVE.

WEDNESDAY.—If ye keep My commandments, ye shall abide in My love.—John xv. 10.

Do not I love Thee, O my Lord? Behold My heart and see; And turn each cherished idol out That dare to rival Thee.

Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit.—John xv. 16.

NO LEAVE.

THURSDAY.—Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whosoever ye shall ask the Father, in My name, He will give it you.—John xvi. 23.

What various hindrances we meet, In coming to a Mercy Seat! Yet who that knows the worth of prayer But wishes to be often there.

Your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake.—John ii. 12.

COMPLETE JOY.

FRIDAY.—Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.—John xvi. 24.

Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw; Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw, Gives exercise to faith and love, Brings every blessing from above.

In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.—John xvi. 23.

THE PEACE OF CHRIST.

SATURDAY.—Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.—Rom. v. 1.

Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness My beauty are, my glorious dress; Mine flaming words, in these arrayed With joy shall I lift up my head.

By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.—Rom. v. 2.

THE GENERAL'S LETTERS TO HIS SOLDIERS.

THE DUTY OF THE SOLDIER TO THE EX-SOLDIER.

MY DEAR COMRADES,—

I want to write you this week on a most important subject.

I want to consider in my present letter the duty a Salvation Soldier owes to the comrades who, from time to time drop out of our ranks. The losses of soldiers in the Army are very serious. From one reason or another, we lose thousands upon thousands every year. By great labors, with many tears, and heavy sacrifices, we bring the sinning crowds inside our borders, we rejoice over them as those who have found great spoil, and then have the agony of seeing many of them drift away from us in the most lamentable fashion.

All about our cities, towns and villages, in the dancing saloons, theatres, gambling haunts, recreation grounds, in the prisons, in the churches, in their own shops and houses are to be found multitudes who once were marching by our side under the flag, singing our songs, and helping us in the great fight for the salvation of the world.

"Oh," said a man, as he fell at the Mercy Seat on the stage of a theatre the other night, "six years I loved God, played in the band, was a happy man; now I am a miserable backslider, without God and without hope in the world. I am in hell." God mercifully healed his backslidings, and brought him out of the hell of His wrath into the heaven of His favor. But alas! alas! there are thousands in the condition of this man. They belong to us. We have fought for them and won them, but they are ours no longer. What an untold loss they are!

THEY ARE A LOSS OF MONEY.

If we had kept them, then their contributions would have rendered begging from the outside world almost unnecessary. We should probably have had all we need.

At a certain corps the Treasurer backslid and left the corps. I forget what it was about. But he wandered away into the world. One night, after many years, he came to the barracks, was convicted, jumped up and cried out, "What comrade will go with me to the penitential form?" Any number volunteered. He was not there long before God forgave him, and then he jumped up again saying, "I have settled matters with my Heavenly Father, now I had better pay my debt to the corps. How much do I owe?" They soon reckoned up his Cartridge money, and what he would have given at the collections. The whole came to £27 and a few shillings, whereupon the ex-Treasurer wrote out a cheque for the amount, and went away retooling. But, alas! very few of our lost comrades act after this fashion. So only think how much we lose.

WHAT A LOSS OF INFLUENCE

AND POWER THESE DESERTERS FROM OUR RANKS INVOLVE. Only think what a mighty force the Army would be to-day if we had but kept all our own spiritual children, and made them into soldiers. We should have had a force that would have shaken the world.

WHAT A REPROACH THESE LOSERS ARE. Ministers and cold-blooded Christians, who seldom or ever win a soul from the lower depths of taint themselves, are constantly casting these backsliders in my face. They say we lose our converts. I answer, "Yes, we do lose SOME, but see what a mighty Army we keep!"

Still the loss is a great sorrow to us, is it not, my comrades? Do we not weep about it? Like the father who has the misfortune to say, "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" the Army might cry out all the time, "Where are my wandering boys and girls? Where are they lodged, and what are they doing, and where are they going?"

Well may we pray with the song that says—
"Saviour, to Thee we humbly cry;
The brethren we have lost restore;
Recall them by Thy pitying eye,
And save them from the tempter's power;
By Thy victorious blood cast down,
Nor suffer him to take their crown."

Now, what ought we to do? We ought to do something. I don't mean what ought we officers to do. Of course, we ought to pray, and wrestle, and preach, and struggle in every way possible, night and day. I am sure I want to do as myself. I think I do something. My lost comrades are seldom out of my eye and mind. Still I must do better.

But I am not asking what ought my officers to do, but my soldiers. On you, dear comrades, some responsibility must rest. I am sure it does. Oh, that I could make you feel it.

Look at these wanderers. Some of them are your own flesh and blood. Are they to go to a backslider's hell? Many of them have, as I have already said, marched, and sung, and fought by your side. You loved them, and they loved you, in the days gone by. Are you willing to see them at the left hand of the throne?

YOU MUST DO SOMETHING.

If you could only win them back, what a help, every way, they would be to you. Oh, you must do something for them. What must that something be? Well—

1. FIRST, YOU MUST CONDEMN THEM, AND THAT FROM YOUR VERY HEART. They have done wrong, very wrong, in deserting the Army. They have forsaken their flag and broken their vows, or if they have not gone over to the enemy openly, or sunk down into the depths of vice, they have gone out of the fight, and have made themselves a stumbling-block to friends and foes.

These runaways know they are wrong themselves. They cannot think of their conduct without misery. Even if other people did wrong to them, that does not alter the fact that they are wrong. No man or woman who has ever been a Salvationist in spirit and in truth can ever be happy outside the Army. Only one thing will relieve them from the intolerable burden of a guilty conscience—and that is, a return to the colors.

The world around these backsliders condemns them. Desertion from what is admitted to be a good cause is all but universally detested.

And you must condemn the ex-soldiers as well. You must condemn them in your heart.

No; all soldiers should be true to their Lord and the Army; and when they are not, the comrades who are true should condemn their conduct. But is that all the soldier must do for his old friends? By no means. He must seek by every method in his power to bring his wandering comrades home again. He must feel his responsibility for this work. He must lay himself out for it.

Oh, if only you soldiers would do this! This letter will be read to almost every soldier in our ranks, and if everyone would just take upon his own heart the ex-soldiers whom he knows, and seek their restoration, what a tremendous God-glorifying result would follow!



II.—THE ROMANS.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

The Vandals were another tribe of Teutons—tall, strong, fair-haired, and much like the Goths, and, like them, they were Arians. They had invaded Italy, and then had followed the Goths to Spain, where they had established themselves in the south, in the country called, from them, Vandalsia, or Andalusia. The chief was only too glad to obey the summons of Boniface, but before he came the Roman had found out his mistake; Placidia had apologized to him, and all was right between them. But it was now too late; Genesius and his Vandals were on the way, and there was nothing for it but to fight his best against them.

He could not save Carthage, and, though he made the bravest defence in his power, he was driven into Hippo, which was so strongly fortified that he was able to hold it a whole year, during which time St. Augustine died, after a long illness. He had caused the seven penitential Psalms to be written out on the walls of his room, and was constantly musing on them. He died, and was buried in peace before the city was taken. Boniface held out for five years altogether before Africa was entirely taken by the Vandals, and a misanthrope began for the church, for Genesius was an Arian, and set himself to crush out the Catholic Church by taking away her buildings, and cruelly persecuting her faithful bishops.

Valentinian III, made a treaty with him, and even yielded up to him all right to the old Roman Province of Africa; but Genesius had a strong fleet of ships, and went on attacking and plundering Sicily, Corsica, Sardinia, Italy, and the coasts of Greece. Britain, at the same time, was being so tormented by the attacks of the Saxons by sea, and the Caledonians from the north, that her chiefs sent a piteous letter to Aetius in Gaul, beginning with "The groans of the Britons," but Aetius could send no help, and Gaul itself was being overrun by the Goths in the south, the Burgundians in the middle, and the Franks in the north, so that scarcely more than Italy itself remained to Valentinian.

The eastern half of the Empire was better off, though it was tormented by the Persians in the East, on the northern border by the Eastern Goths or Ostrogoths, who had slipped on the banks of the Danube instead of coming to Italy, and to the south by the Vandals from Africa. But Pulcheria was so wise and good that, when her young brother, Theodosius II, died without children, the people begged her to choose a husband who might be an Emperor for them. She chose a wise old senator, named Marcian, and when he died, she again chose another good and wise man, named Zeno; and thus the eastern Empire stood while the west was fast crumbling away. The nobles were almost all vain, weak cowards, who only thought of themselves, and left strangers to fight their battles; and every one was cowed with fear, for a more terrible foe than any was now coming on them.

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PILGRIM'S PROGRESS A SALVATION ARMY VERSION.

By CAPTAIN COPPERFIELD.

CHAPTER III.

GOODWILL.—"That mountain has been the death of many, and will be the death of many more. It is well that you escaped being dashed to pieces by it."

CHRISTIAN.—"I do not know what would have become of me there, had not Salvationism met me again, as I was fretting over my lost condition. It was through God's mercy that he came, otherwise I would never have reached here. Now that I am come, I feel my unworthiness, and realize what a favor my Lord bestows upon me by admitting me to this place."

G.—"We do not object to any coming here, notwithstanding all that they have done before, if they are only sorry, and will come that they will in no wise be cast out. Therefore, come with me, and I will teach you some things about the way you must go. Look ahead; do you not see this narrow way? There is no other road that leads to Zion. It is too straight for crooked people to walk along it, and because of this many choose some other way."

"But," said Christian, "are there no turnings, or windings, by which a stranger may lose himself?"

G.—"Yes; there are many other ways, some of which branch off from this one. They are crooked, and wide; but you can tell this from all others on account of its being straight and narrow."

Then I saw, in my dream, that Christian asked him if he could not help him off with the burden of sin that was upon his back; for he had not yet got rid of it, nor did he know how to.

He replied, "As to your burden, it will fall off of itself, when you get on both your knees at the penitent form that Salvationists must have told you about."

The House of Correction.

Then Christian got ready to resume his journey, and was directed by Goodwill to proceed to the House of Correction, where he was told to knock. Here he would be shown some very striking things. So Christian took leave of his friend, who, raising his right hand, and pointing upward, said, "God bless you."

Then he went on, as directed, until he came to this House of Correction, at the door of which he knocked over and over. At length a man in uniform came and asked him who he was, and what he wanted.

G.—"Sir, I am a traveler to Zion, who was bid by an acquaintance of

the proprietor of this establishment to call here for my profit. I would, therefore, speak to the Captain-in-charge."

So he called for Captain Explain'em, who, after a little while, came to Christian, and asked him what he wanted.

"Captain," said Christian, "I am from the City of Destruction, and am going to Mount Zion; I am told by the doorman, whom I met at the gate, that if I called here you would show me such things as would correct my many false notions, and be helpful to me on my journey."

Then said the Captain, "God bless you, my son! Come in at once, and I will show you all the show." So he lit a candle, and led Christian follow him.

The Glorious Picture.

Then he led him into a private room, having one window, through which light shone on a framed picture, hung against the wall. It was a large photograph of a remarkable Man. His eyes were lifted to heaven; the Book of Books was in His right hand; the law of truth seemed to be written on His lips; the world was cast behind Him. Yet he stood as if He pleaded with men; and above His head a crown of glory-gold was plainly seen suspended.

Then said Christian, "What does this mean?"

CAPTAIN.—The Man Whose picture this is, is unlike any other. He can beget children, travel in birth with children, and nurse them Himself when they are born. His eyes are lifted up to heaven, the best of books in His hands, the law of truth on His lips, to show us His work is to know and unfold dark things to sinners, and to correct those who err. He has cast the world behind Him, and a crown of glory-gold hangs over His head, to show others that if they treat the world (with its pleasures, fashions, wealth, and judgment) in a similar manner, that they, too, shall obtain a crown of glory, when the conflict is over."

"Now," continued the Captain, "I have shown you this picture first, because the Man it represents is the only One Whom the Lord of Zion has authorized to be your Guide in all the difficult and perplexing places you will have to travel over. I have introduced you to the soldier's Guide. You will meet with some who will pretend to lead you aright, and by an easier way, too; beware of them. They will neither enter the Kingdom of Heaven themselves, nor do they really wish others to."

The Sweeping.

Then Captain Explain'em took him by the hand, and led him into a very large room, the floor of which was covered with dust, because it was never swept. Then he called for a man to sweep it. So a very austere-looking man came. Now, when it was being swept, the dust began to fly about in such a way that Christian was nearly suffocated. Then said the Captain to a Halkeburgh Lassie that stood by, "Bring water and sprinkle the floor." When she had done this the room was easily swept.

Then said Christian, "What is the meaning of this?"

The Captain answered, "This parlor represents the natural heart of a man. The dust is the sin that defiles and blackens his whole heart. He that begins to sweep at first is the Law. But she that brought water and sprinkled it is the Gospel. The Law, instead of cleansing the heart by its working, stirs up sin, even as it wars against it, but it does not cast it out, nor can it. Again, as you saw that lassie sprinkle the room with water, so that it might easily be swept, in like manner the Gospel comes, in sweet and precious influences to the heart. Then is sin subdued, and driven out, and the soul made clean, even for the King of Glory to dwell in it."

Then I saw, in my dream, that the

Captain led him by the hand into a small room, where sat two little children, each sitting on his own chair. The name of the eldest was Master Passion, and the name of the other Miss Patience. He seemed quite discontented, and his face wore a frown, but she was very quiet and smiled sweetly. When Christian asked, "Why is Passion discontented?" the Captain answered, "Their Governor would have them wait for their best things until the beginning of the next year, but he prefers having all now, while Patience is willing to wait."

Passion's Rejoicing.

Then I saw one come to Passion, and bring him a bag of treasure, which he emptied at his feet. It contained toys, jewelry, novels, cigarettes, and similar things. So Master Passion rejoiced in the possession of these so-called pleasures, and said that his companion was a fool for not claiming her share, too. But as I looked on for a while, I noticed that he had lavished all away, and had nothing left but rags.

Then said Christian to the Captain, "Explain this matter more fully to me."

So he said, "These two are figures, one of this world, the other of that which is to come. As you see, Passion will have all that he can now; that is, in this world. So are the men of this world, they will have all of their good things now. They cannot stop until next year (that is, until the next world) for their goods. That proverb, 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' is more to them than many a text of Scripture. But you saw that he had quickly lavished all away. So will it be with all such at the end of this world."

Then I saw, in my dream, that the Captain took Christian by the hand and led him into a place where there was a fire burning against a wall, and one standing by it, throwing buckets of water upon it to quench it. Yet did the fire burn higher, and with greater heat.

Then said Christian, "What means this?"



"He who casts water upon it to put it out is the devil."

The Captain answered, "This fire is the work of grace that is wrought in the heart; he that casts water upon it to put it out is the devil." Then he led him to the other side of the wall, where he saw a man with a vessel of oil in his hand, which he was secretly throwing into the fire.

Then said Christian, "And what does this mean?"

The Captain answered, "This is the Christ, Who, with the oil of His grace, continually maintains the work already begun in the heart; by which means, notwithstanding the continuous efforts of the devil, the souls of His people still burn with love."

I saw, also, that the Captain took him again by the hand, and led him into a pleasant place, where there was a very beautiful palace. At the sight of it Christian was greatly delighted, especially as he saw walking on the top of it certain persons clothed in glory-gold. Then said Christian, "May we go up?"

(To be continued.)

THE GRAND OLD CHART.

WHERE THE BIBLE COMES IN.

Much is said about the use of the Bible. We are taught that we should read it every day. Why is it so important that we should do this? This question will be largely answered when we consider what the Bible is, and why it was given to us. It is the word of God. In it God speaks to us. Its content is,

What the Father has to Say to His Children.

We cannot see God. No one can journey to heaven to learn about Him and then come and tell us of His character. But in the Bible we have revelations about God, made by the Holy Spirit, through holy men. From these we learn what God Himself is, what His will is, also our own condition and need, and what we must do, how we must live, if we would be blessed and at last reach heaven.

In the New Testament we learn of the most wonderful revealing of God. The Son of God Himself came to this earth and lived here as a man. First, He showed us in His own life what God is. He said, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." In His teachings He told us of the love of God for us and made plain the way of duty. Then He gave His life for us, to redeem us, bearing our sins on His cross. Having done this, He rose again, proving Himself Master of the last enemy, and returned to heaven to be our Friend and Intercessor there. Thus we have in the Gospel

The Very Words of the Son of God

Who came from heaven to be our Saviour. God Himself spoke through Him in human language.

When we think in this way of what the Bible is, we begin to understand why we should read it, and how it may help us. It tells us what God is—that He is holy, righteous, just, hating sin, yet merciful, forgiving, loving the sinner. It tells us that we are sinners, and that if we do not repent we shall perish. It tells us of the only way of salvation by faith in Christ. It tells us how we should live when we become Christians. The book is full of words of instruction, of warnings, of help in times of danger, of promises for us when we are in trouble or sorrow. We are to go to it, therefore, for guidance, for light on our pathways, for advice and counsel, to learn what God would have us to do, and to receive comfort, encouragement, help, and enrichment of character.

We need to read the Bible, therefore, that

We May Learn How to Live,

and that we may get the help of God on our way. We should read it every day, not as a mere religious form, but that we may always have the light of heaven shining on our way, that we may never get away from the sound of God's voice. In this world of sin and temptation, where there are so many things to draw us away, we need to be reminded continually that we belong to God, that this is not our home, that while in the world we are not of it, and that we should live always to please God, and to be a blessing to others. We are to read the Bible every day, to get God's thought about the day's duty, and God's help in meeting it. Not to read it is to go without guidance, to carry no lantern in our hand as we walk along the dark paths, and to miss the Divine encouragement and comfort in trying and perplexing experiences. Those who do not habitually use the Bible are altogether unaware of what blessing and good they are shutting out of their lives.

When we think of what the Bible is and of what it has to give us, we can also to understand how we should read it. We should read it as God's own word, and should listen for His voice in every sentence. We should read it with our heart, eager to learn what His teachings are, to know more about God that we may love Him more, to discover our own faults and sins that we may put them away, and to find out what God's will is for us, so that we may do it. We should read it, ready ever to accept its teachings and obey them, to put away the evil it shows us in ourselves, to repent of the sin of which it convicts us, and to do the duty it makes plain to us.



HISTORY GLASS

THE ROMANS.

By L. (Continued.)

There were another tribe of strong, fair-haired, and blue-eyed, like the Germans. They had learned to use the sword, and then had followed Spain, where they had learned to use the bow, called, from their Gaulish name, the "Celtic" bow. The chief was to obey the summons of before he came the end of his mistake; apologized to him, and between them. But it late; Genseric and his on the way, and there for it but to fight his men.

It save Carthage, and the bravest defense he was driven into was so strongly fortified that he held it a whole high time St. Augustine long illness. He had penitential Psalms on the walls of his constantly musing on d, and was buried in the city was taken. long illness. He had Africa was entirely inadequate, and a miserable: the church, for Genseric, and set himself the Catholic Church by r buildings, and ordering his faithful bishops. He made a treaty with yielded up to him all d Roman Province of Genseric had a strong and went on attacking Sicily, Corsica, Sardinia, the coasts of Greece; same time, was being by the attacks of the and the Caledonians that her chiefs sent a Actius in Gaul, begin e groans of the Brits could send no help, was being overrun by a south, the Burgundians, and the Franks o that scarcely more f remained to Valen-

self of the Empire was it was torn by the East, on the by the Eastern Goths who had stayed on the tube instead of coming to the south by the Franks. But Valentinian II, died in the people begged husband who might for them. She chose son, named Marcian, d, she again chose a wise man, named the eastern Empire west was fast crumbling nobles were almost cowardly, who only elves, and left strange battles; and every with fear, for a more any was now coming



"Then Capt. Explain'em took him by the hand and led him into a very large room."



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GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS—

Cadet L. Webber, Montreal P. H. Q., to be Probationary-Lieutenant.
Cadet G. Burney, Wallaceburg, to be Probationary-Lieutenant.
Cadet N. Stata, St. Albans, to be Probationary-Lieutenant.
Cadet M. Langley, Port Hope, to be Probationary-Lieutenant.
Cadet E. Bryan, Newport, to be Probationary-Lieutenant.
Cadet G. Rutledge, Gananogue, to be Probationary-Lieutenant.
Cadet B. Duncan, Newcastle, to be Probationary-Lieutenant.
Cadet Owen, Temple T. G., to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Sherbrooke.

APPOINTMENTS—

ADJT. GRAHAM, Charlottetown, to Hamilton Corps and Bermuda District.
ADJT. DOWELL, New Glasgow, to Halifax Corps and District.
ADJT. CRICHTON, Moncton, to Charlottetown Corps and P. E. I. District.
ADJT. WIGGINS, Fredericton, to New Glasgow Corps and District.
ADJT. FRAZER, Halifax, to Windsor Corps and District.
ADJT. JENNINGS, Windsor, to Fredericton Corps and District.
ADJT. AYRE, Butte, to Spokane Corps.
ADJT. STEVENS, Rossland, B. C., to Butte Corps.
ADJT. MENIMARA, St. John, N. B., to Montreal Corps.
ADJT. KENWAY, Chatham, to Woodstock Corps.
ADJT. KEIR, furrough, to Grafton pro tem.
ENSIGN HOWCROFT, Ridgetown, to Seaford Corps.
ENSIGN WILLIAMS, Montreal, to Moncton Corps and District.
ENSIGN GAMBLE, Guelph, to Chatham Corps.
ENSIGN JARVIS, Tilsonburg, to Leamington Corps.
ENSIGN LOTT, Meaford, to Parry Sound Corps.
ENSIGN HOLLETT, Galt, to Sarnia Corps.

MARRIAGE—

Capt. J. LeCocq, who came out from Halifax, last stationed at the Temple, to Lieut. E. Price, who came out from Dovercourt, last stationed at North Bay, on April 10th, at the Temple, Toronto, by Colonel Jacobs.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Commissionaire.



Editorial.

Self-Denial Week.

The Weeks of Prayer and Self-Denial are approaching, and preparations should soon begin. Nothing can take the place of a prompt start, and a proper comprehension of the entire plan of campaign. The Self-Denial Hand-Book, which is now on the press,

will prove to be the best yet issued, from every point of view. It is absolutely necessary to success that the Hand-Book should be carefully studied.

In the first place, we hail with delight the Week of Prayer, which is to precede the Self-Denial Week proper. Every soldier and friend ought to join in the universal prayer themes which will be published in the War Cry. What better introduction to Self-Denial Week could be devised than a week of united prayer and meditation?

Secondly, Self-Denial Week is now so well understood that we need not enter into lengthy explanations. Self-Denial is two-fold in its effects: it betters the one who denies himself to better others, and it advances the cause of God and humanity by providing means of extending the Army's operations at home and abroad.

The Army in Great Britain has once more attested its vitality and the fact of its work being appreciated by the British public, by raising, during the Self-Denial Week, just closed, \$20,000 more than during the same effort in 1900. Let us go and do likewise.

COLONEL JACOBS AT MONTREAL.

(By wire.)

The Chief Secretary's visit has been a booming success and a great inspiration to all. Excellent crowds; appreciative audiences; twelve at the Mercy Seat. Colonel in excellent form.—Major Turner.

THE RESCUE SECRETARY AT BUTTE.

(By wire.)

Finished campaign in Pacific Province with splendid week-end at Butte. Social gathering at Mountain View Methodist Church. Had large and splendid crowd. Deep interest was manifested in our Rescue work. Dr. Albritton presided. Sympathy excellent; finances good.—Mrs. Read.

NELSON APPRECIATIVE.

Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read at Nelson.

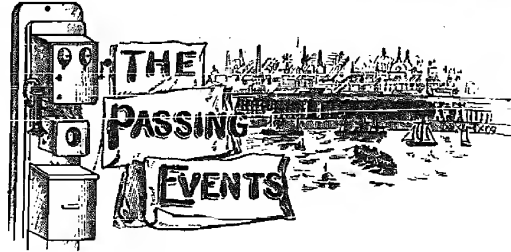
"The Salvation Army barracks was crowded last night, the occasion being the visit of Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read, commissioner of the social work department of the Army in Canada. Rev. J. H. White, pastor of the Methodist Church, occupied the chair. Colonel Read's address was a genuine treat. She has a remarkable and of information on the subject of social work done by the Army, and a manner of relating facts that appeals to the interest and sympathy of the hearer."—Nelson Daily Miner.

MAJOR PICKERING AT LISGAR STREET

(Special.)

Glorious meetings led by Major Pickering and Staff-Capt. Stanoy. The soldiers gave the new P. O. a loyal and enthusiastic reception and received much blessing from his addresses. The marches were above the ordinary, and the collections higher than on any previous Sunday during the present year, but best of all, God rewarded all efforts by saving four precious souls. Hallelujah! Brigadier Pugmire, the Spiritual Special, assisted at night. The officers and soldiers hope to see their P. O. come this way again very soon.

It is mockery to pray that your children may be gathered home in eternity while you do nothing to keep them at home in time.



The South African Situation.

The end of this bitter strife is not yet and serious apprehensions are felt in Great Britain. Comparing the present war with the Crimean war, it has already cost more than the latter, of which it took eleven years to obliterate the effect. The recent treatment of Cape Colony rebels has been rescinded, and treason cases will be tried under the old law, which may impose the death penalty. The engagements of the week included the capture of seventy-five British troops by four hundred Boers, in the north of Cape Colony; and the capture by General Plumer of some railway stock, sixteen prisoners, a number of horses and a quantity of ammunition near Pietersburg. Colonel Monro's infantry had a stiff fight near De Wetsdorp, in which the Boers were defeated, and eighty prisoners captured. At an engagement near Jansenville lately Boers were killed, and the latest reports from Klerksdorp state that Colonel Plumer has rushed the Boer position, capturing twenty-three prisoners, two guns, and a quantity of ammunition. It is also rumored that General Botha has re-opened negotiations for peace. It has been stated that two thousand five hundred soldiers' widows have to be provided for by the British Government. Repeated rumors say that General De Wet's mind has become decidedly unbent by the tremendous strain upon him. Nearly forty-five thousand men have been sent to South Africa from Great Britain since January 1st, but no further reinforcements will be now forwarded.

The Chinese Chaos.

The dominant question of the hour to be settled by the peace commission is the question of indemnity to be paid by China to the different powers. There seems to be an inclination on the part of the allies to reduce the indemnity to the lowest possible sum in proportion to the damage sustained. It is feared that Russia alone will hold out larger indemnities than would fall to her lot according to this arrangement. The leading powers favor rather small indemnity with trade advantages. The most serious menace at present is the rumored rebellion of General Tung Fu Shan and Prince Tuan, who are supposed to have eleven thousand regular troops. It is now confidently expected that the Chinese Court will shortly return to Peking, and that the bulk of the foreign troops will be withdrawn. It is rumored that conciliatory negotiations are proceeding between Russia and Japan concerning Manchuria and Corea.

The African Negro Question.

Considerable fear has been expressed of a wide-spread outbreak among the negroes of South Africa. It appears that the leaders of the movement are native ministers, who preach the doctrine of Africa for the Africans, inciting the natives to throw off all European control. The authorities are carefully watching, but are reluctant to interfere, fearing to make martyrs of the ring-leaders, and so precipitate hostilities. It is to be hoped that such may be avoided, as a negro rebellion would cause a great deal of bloodshed and prolonged warfare.

Mixed Memos.

Anti-Jesuit riots have taken place in Spain, Portugal, and Italy. Meetings against Jesuits are especially held throughout Spain.

The eighty-third birthday of King Christian was celebrated in Denmark.

It has been rumored that plots of assassination have been discovered against President Loubet, of France, and Mr. Kruger, in Belgium.

The bubonic plague has re-appeared in Egypt, and is especially raging at Alexandria.

A valuable painting, which was stolen twenty-five years ago from an English art firm, has been recovered in Chicago. It represents a portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire, and has a most romantic history connected with its theft and recovery.

A clever swindler managed to secure over \$5,000 on two "raised" cheques in Toronto.

Considerable smuggling of Chinese men into Canada has been discovered, and the guilty parties have been located in Montreal.

The Glasgow Exhibition will open on May 2nd.

More riots have been reported from St. Petersburg and other Russian cities.

Two bars of gold, valued at \$22,750, were stolen from the safe room of the steamer Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse. Owing to the precautions taken in the landing of the passengers, the stolen gold has been discovered, hidden on board.

The fetes of Toulon, France, in honor of President Loubet's visit to meet the Duke of Geneva, and especially meant as a demonstration of sympathy between France and Italy, have also been attended by Japanese and Russian warships.

King Oscar of Sweden will act as arbitrator in the claims of Great Britain, Germany, and the United States, in Samoa.

The Federal Cabinet of Australia has rejected the suggestion of Mr. Chamberlain to send Boer prisoners to Tasmania.

Ten thousand deaths have occurred at Canton, China, as a result of the bubonic plague.

Four thousand seven hundred persons left Ireland last year to emigrate to various countries and colonies.

It is reported that the industrial situation of Germany is most discouraging. Crowds of working people are said to be out of employment.

The Canadian Government has decided to prevent further export of natural gas from West Ontario to the United States.

The Corea Government has issued a law, enforcing a death penalty for opium smoking.

Two hundred Kingston public school children were sent home because they were not vaccinated.

Over two thousand Italian laborers have arrived in Montreal in a destitute condition during the last few weeks. They claim they were deceived by the steamship companies.

Lady Minte suggests the raising of a fund to establish cottage hospitals to commemorate the reign of Queen Victoria.

Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, is now the only actually ruling queen. Of seventy-four heads of governments in the world, twenty-two are presidents, fifteen are kings, and six are emperors.



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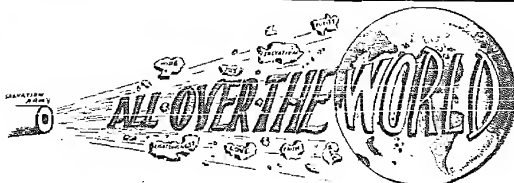
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UNITED STATES.

The Consul and Chief Secretary are at present touring in California. Glowing reports of the meetings held in the different cities visited continue to appear in the American War Cry.

Mrs. Colonel Higgins, the National Rescue Secretary, is taking a five weeks' tour, and will lecture on the Rescue work in the various towns she visits. Adjt. Hansen accompanies Mrs. Higgins and operates the stereoscopic outfit which illustrates the lecture.

Brigadier Brengle is conducting some blessed spiritual meetings in Texas. God's Spirit is wonderfully manifest, and souls are being saved, and saved ones sanctified.

Self-Denial returns, up to date, are exceedingly gratifying. Targets have been more than smashed all over the country.

Brigadier and Mrs. Scott have just passed through a sad bereavement in the death of their little boy.

The Commander has hit on a new idea for forming Specializing Brigades, and offers pleasant summer holidays in popular resorts; board and lodging free; also tuition in Bible, music, first aid, and other useful subjects. In return for assistance in revival meetings.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The General's meetings in Sweden have been among the most successful in the Army history in that country. The buildings have been inadequate for the accommodation of the crowds, and hundreds of souls have been at the Mercy Seat. At Stockholm, where the General concluded his campaign, it is estimated that not less than ten thousand people were turned away at night.

The General has just visited Edinburgh, conducting five meetings. 102 souls sought salvation. This visit has been a wonderful triumph.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth is arranging to have a select breakfast in connection with the Women's Social Work, to be held in Exeter Hall, on May 21st. Lord Radstock will preside.

Brigadier Pearce, having farewelled from South America, has arrived in England.

During the month of February 103 men professed to find salvation in our London Shelters.

Sir George White, who defended Lady Smith, and is now Governor of His Majesty's Forces at Gibraltar, has given the Army permission to hold open-air meetings in the streets. One of Sir George's bodyguards, during the siege of Lady Smith, was a Salvationist.

Colonel Lawley, who is still confined to his room, was determined to do his Self-Denial target. With the aid of Mrs. Lawley, he added to the size of the postman's bag who collected the corner pillar-box. The Colonel is naturally glad, and has given round to a few hallelujahs at having reached his target—£20.

The total of the British Self-Denial Effort amounts to £47,181, being an increase of £4,336 over the sum contributed last year.

The latest British report furnishes us with the following information: During the past year nearly 2,500,000 meals have been supplied at the cheap food depots; 1,567,562 lodgings provided for the homeless; 11,232 apprentices for employment registered at the Labor Bureau; 2,460 women and girls received into Rescue Homes. 2,135 of them having been restored to their friends, or sent to situations. In addition to this, multitudes of poor sick people were visited and nursed or otherwise cared for. The additional Homes which have been established in London, Plymouth, Bristol, Sheffield and Dundee, bring up the total of institutions connected with the Darkest England Scheme in Great Britain alone to 142. In other lands there are as an outgrowth of the scheme, 411 similar establishments, distributed over 47 countries and colonies, making a total of 553 agencies.

JAPAN.

The wife of one of our Tokio III. soldiers died recently. Her husband is a retired naval lieutenant, and is a soldier of the same corps. The funeral arrangements were left entirely in the hands of the corps officer, and were conducted in proper Army style. The procession to the cemetery made a great impression upon the populace, especially the fact that the officers and soldiers walked, instead of riding in rickshaws, as is the custom at ordinary funerals.

The first Rescue Home in Japan has now been opened six months, during which time twenty-eight girls have been received. Seventeen of these have been restored to their parents or friends, four have respectively married, five are still in the Home, and only two have turned out unsatisfactory. A girl who has recently left the Home to return to her parents, has made a great impression upon her friends. Her father was overcome with joy upon her return.

The Japanese War Cry is sold in quite a number of towns where we at present have no corps. In no less than four places the Cry is sold by molesters of other denominations. At Osaka, an important city, a friend sells one thousand copies of each issue.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Notwithstanding the many difficulties that at present surround our South African comrades, consequent upon the war and pestilence, Commissioner Kibbey is bent upon a solid move forward in every part of the battle-field at present open to us. Special campaigns are being arranged, and new departures considered, with a view to future soul-saving triumphs. With the fall of summer the Cape Peninsula promises to be fairly aroused.

Brigadier and Mrs. Malmament, Chief Secretary to Commissioner Kibbey, have farewelled from South Africa, and will take command of South America.

Commissioner Kibbey is arranging for Major Smith, of Zululand, to visit England.

Capt. Ashman has returned to Cape Town, and it now engaged in looking after Tanam's interests in the Cape Peninsula.

The removal of a number of Boer prisoners from the Green Point tract to transports, has split up Cadet Rit-

en's band of Salvationists. They still, however, keep the fire burning in their new quarters. Hiten was expected to go to St. Helena when last heard from.

FRANCE and SWITZERLAND

The Spring campaign has begun in earnest. Special brigades have been formed, and are already scouting the whole Territory.

From the 1st of January to the 31st of December, 1900, the Paris Hotelierie Populaire sheltered 72,357 persons. 110,893 rations were sold at two cents apiece, including 20,391 soups, 26,742 vegetables, 28,064 coffees, 28,456 breads, 6,237 stews. Though no advertising of any kind is being done to attract the people, the Hotelierie is crowded from morning to night, and from night to morning.

The Hotelierie system has proved to be such a success in Paris and Geneva that the Commissioners are planning the opening of new hoteleries in the principal cities of the Territory.

Our work is awakening deep sympathy in religious circles. The Rev. Th. Monod, so well known in France and on the continent, and many other influential people, are attending our meetings, and taking an active part.

Brigadier Schoch is about to visit the Territory, as a special envoy from the International Headquarters.

The General is nonoanced to lead an important meeting in Zurich on Ascension Day.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Brigadier Pearce of the Republic Argentine Territory, has just published in a book form, a most suggestive and interesting annual report of the progress of our work in that country.

Brigadier Pearce is farewelling, having received a call to the London International Headquarters.

Our Social work in South America is making splendid progress. During the year 1900, the Buenos Ayres Night Shelter registered 32,841 persons having spent one night in the house. 67,762 meals were distributed, or sold at a nominal price.

Our work in South America comprises 21 corps, four Social Institutions, and 69 officers; an increase of eight officers on last year.

The corporation of Buenos Ayres has just made a special grant to our Social work.

The visits from house to house play an important part in the work of our Spanish comrades. 22,453 hours were spent during 1900 for such calls.

As a general rule, municipal corporations and police officers are most sympathetic, and give full liberty to our people to hold open-air meetings in the cities or in the country. Last year 319 open-air meetings were held.

HOLLAND and BELGIUM.

At Apeldoorn, a town near the summer residence of Queen Wilhelmina, Salvationists are working with success. Last month 15 soldiers were enrolled under the flag.

The plan of campaign organized by the Marschule and Commissioner Booth-Cuthbert, for the next season, promises to bring success.

Important councils and meetings have been conducted by the Marschule in Brussels which have created a deep feeling of sympathy for the Army and its work.



COLONEL JACOBS

will visit

KINGSTON, Sat., Sun., Mon., and Tues., April 27, 28, 29, 30.

T. H. Q. Staff Specials.

BRIGADIER FRIEDRICH

will visit Lindsay, Sat., Sun., and Mon., April 27, 28, 29.

Central Ontario Province.

MAJOR PICKERING and STAFF-CAPT. STANYON will visit Yorkville, Sun., April 28.

Spiritual Specials.

THE RED-HOT REVIVALISTS, BRIGADIER PUGMIRE and STAFF-CAPT. MANTON,

will visit St. Thomas, Sat., April 29, to Mon., April 29.

BRIGADIER PUGMIRE

will visit Ingersoll, Tuesday, April 30, to Monday, May 13; Lindsay, Sat. from Saturday, May 19, to Sunday, May 26.

E. O. and Q. Province.

MAJOR TURNER

Corwall, Fri., April 26; Kingston, Sat., Sun., Mon., and Tues., April 27, 28, 29, 30; Napanee, Wed., May 1; Deseronto, Thurs., May 2; Belleville, Fri., May 3; Pleton, Sat. and Sun., May 4, 5; Port Hope, Mon., May 6.

Lantern Services of T.F. Specials

ENSIGN PERRY.—Brampton, Sat. and Sun., April 27, 28.

ENSIGN HODDINOTT.—Dresden, Sat. and Sun., April 27, 28; Wallaceburg, Mon., April 29; Port Lambton, Tues., April 30; Sarnia, Wed., May 1; Marthville, Thurs., May 2; Glen Ray, Fri., May 3; Petrolia, Sat. and Sun., May 4, 5.

CAPT. POOLE.—Sunbury, Sat. and Sun., April 27, 28; Kingston, Mon., Tues. and Wed., April 29, 30, May 1; Gananoque, Thurs., May 2; Brockville, Fri., May 3; Ogdensburg, Sat. and Sun., May 4, 5.

ENSIGN PARKER.—North Head, Sat. and Sun., April 27, 28; St. John II., Tues., April 30; St. John V., Wed., May 1; St. John I., Thurs., May 2; Fairville, Fri., May 3; St. John III., Sat. and Sun., May 4, 5.

ENSIGN STAIGER.—Jonestown, Sat. and Sun., April 27, 28; Pargo, Thurs. and Fri., May 2, 3; Moorhead, Sat. and Sun., May 4, 5.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.—Spokane, Sat., Sun., Mon., and Tues., April 27, 28, 29, 30; Kallispell, Sat. and Sun., May 4, 5.

IMPORTANT TO FRIENDS OF THE WOMEN'S SOCIAL.

THE COMMISSIONER who appreciates any gifts of money, food, clothing, or other articles for the benefit of the Rescue Home, should address (specify to one of the following names):
 "The Evangelical Home for Orphans," 60 Parley Ave., Toronto.
 "The Industrial Home," 40 Yonge St., Toronto.
 "The Working Women's Home," 24 Augusta St., Toronto.
 "The Hope Rescue Home," 1111 Bloor Ave., London, Ont.
 "The Household," 255 James St., St. John N.B.
 "Liberty Hall," 25 St. Andrew St., Montreal, P.Q.
 "Fort Rescue," 22 Yonge St., Whitby, Ont.
 "The Bridge," 11 Windsor St., Halifax, N.S.
 "The Anchorage," 60 Leach St., St. John N.B.
 "Redemption Home," 44 Bank St., Ottawa, Ont.
 "Hope Hall," 60 Main St., E. Hamilton, Ont.
 "Kosmos State Home," 200 West College St., Bute, Nfld.
 "U.S.A."
 "Liberty Home," 222 Chandler St., Spokane, Wash., U.S.A.
 "Mercy Home," 201 Dundy St., Vancouver, B.C.
 "Heads Hall," 701 St. Vincent's House, St. St. Montreal, P.Q.

THE "POTLATCH."

As It is in Fact, Not in Fiction.

By ENSIGN THORNDLONSON.

"Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."—Rom. v. 12.



HAT sin, and death in its wake, has indeed found its way to all men, even to the remotest corner of the earth, seems to be the best explanation why each locality, wherever it has any peculiar good of its own or not, should have reason why evil should not be rooted up, when men have seen them in their true light, and their own experience has proved the folly of evil practice.

Out here on the Upper Skeena we have not been spared the invasion of evil, and isolated as we may be, sin, and the love for it, and the consequences of it—death—were here before any balm, or remedy for it, or salvation from it, were known.

We have our peculiar evil to contend with, as well as the rest of Adam's race. It might have been drunkenness, if the wherewithal to get drunk on had not been prohibited to the natives, but fortunately it has in the past. Yet whiskey is here, and it finds its way too often into hands that should not handle it. But our peculiar evil is known under the name of the "Potlatch." It is taken from the Chinook Jargon, and means; to give. The Kikisno word for it is "Yukou."

White people take these gatherings to be feasts, given by certain men or parties charitably inclined, at which they divide up their belongings, and give them away to help the poor and needy. The fact is, however, that a potlatch is not merely a feast, nor can it in any way be considered a charitable or religious affair; it is a pleasure, that I suppose I shall never know all of its workings and influence on the mind and character of the Indian. But if anyone believes that an Indian, before Christianity or civilization reaches him, would go to the trouble to work and save up, sometimes for years, in order to give it away to help the poor, he knows nothing about his true character.

The Indian is Not so Fond of Work

as that, and in far too many instances he leaves his old feeble relatives to shift for themselves entirely. And anyone who has a chance to look into his real motives will soon be convinced that selfishness is the ruling motive, and his only ambition to be a "smolgit," or chief; to get above his brother, and to let him know and feel it as often and as much as possible, and to that end he works and saves up, to squander it all on some fine day.

In order to be considered anybody at all, there are several steps to be taken on the social ladder of his class, and these steps can only be taken at a "potlatch," and every one of them must be paid for with gifts to the witnesses; of course, what is given away is expected back in full some day, either in honor or value-gift to himself or his ancestors, or in substance.

The heathen child gets his name, or if the contents of the purse, or the bulk of the goods will allow it, his "names" at the potlatch, and if his father is too poor to bestow a name on his child, the uncle, if able, may do it, as the son does not follow the father (that would be a queer way to the Indian mind), but inherits from the uncle, and all the children belong to the mother's tribe.

Later in life, man or woman may be able to distinguish themselves quite a lot in the "ga-lu-bim," or dog-eating dance. This is not something of the long past, as there are several people, not old either, living right here as Christians now, who have taken that degree. Then there is the "o-la-la," or man-eating dance, where one man had the honor of biting and, if pos-

sible, tearing pieces out of another, and then paying full for the damage; and the "o-na-na," or "ga-mik-bla," or destroying dances, where they would go from place to place smashing up the most expensive things they could find, and the owner would have no objection, as it would not be done before the deer were able and willing to pay (not cost price either) for all damage done. Great indeed was the man who would get that far. The poor man can not rise in Indian esteem, as he has not got the means to pay for the elevation, and no matter what he may be entitled to, he will soon be cut out by the one who can.

I look upon it, and write about it, with disgust, and the Christian Indian talks about it in the same way. I consider it

An Evil from Every Point of View, because it is entirely opposite, not only to Christianity, but to civilization and progress.

It is a standing temptation, and it influences, directly or indirectly, those who have started a new or better mode of living to sink back again.

It is ruin to health and strength, physically and morally, to those taking part in it, besides a waste of time, as several months of the year are spent in that way. It is a waste of money by people who cannot afford it, because when the potlatch is over there is not much left except the totem poles. They have marked on the poles the sum of money it has cost to raise each, and are proud to point to them as the monuments of imagined greatness and glory of self or ancestor.

Yet they are not in any way too proud to receive benefits for nothing. I have heard some of them complaining of having to pay a few cents for medicine to a man who gives all his time, free of charge, to their service.

Although the practices are restricted, I believe they could, with good reason, and for the people's own good, be further restricted, and finally entirely abolished. It is not practiced any more by the majority. It is not practiced by a people who know no other or better way, for the Gospel has been preached to them for many years, by good men, who have lived clean, sober, and blameless lives before them, and nearly every one of them have seen more or less of the benefits and comforts civilization brings. They are able to live without their "swannegut," or medicine man, and his or her rattling over the sick. People who have been up here longer than I, and know far more about affairs than I do, can tell and prove of a number of

Accidents, Quarrels, Fights and Bloodshed,

that have been the direct outcome of these gatherings.

The Christian Indian has, or tries to get, a house and home for his own family, and arranges it as near as he can like those of civilized people. In this he ought to be encouraged and protected, and obstacles and temptations should, if possible, be taken out of his way. The house of the heathen, for home it could not be called (the word in our sense is not in their language), is a barn-like structure, with a door, and perhaps two windows in front. It has a large square hole in the centre of the roof, so that the smoke from the fire underneath may have free escape. The recent ones may have a stove or two. There are no divisions or partitions in it. The natives call themselves "a-lu-git," or a people who live openly, and so indeed they do; their houses are not built for one, but for several families. The outside ornaments are the totem poles, which it takes a crude artist to execute; the design, of course, requires a certain amount of knowledge, as they are very particular that a man puts no more hideous figures on it than he is entitled to. A pack of starving dogs is always camped around the door, watching every possible way and trying many impossible chances to get in, and it takes quite a strong argument for anyone to get in or out without flooding the house with unwelcome dogs. During the potlatch every heathen house is crowded day and night with men and women, married and single, old and young, sick and healthy, and

It Does Not Require a Solomon to See why the health of the people is im-

paired, or the reason why mortality is low amongst them.

I spent two weeks in Kitchikukla this winter while a potlatch was going on, and I saw how the people were living, saw them preparing their food, mixing and saturating it all from fruit to bread, with di-ik, or ash oil, the smell alone of which would make it repulsive to a white man. I heard the noise of their songs, and dances, and orgies, and their swannegut, or rattling over their sick people. I saw them raising their new poles, and the sums marked on the old ones (the cost of one was over \$800), and the dirt and dirt in evidence everywhere I could not describe.

All this may hold its novelty for some, but there is absolutely no attractions in any of the proceedings for me, and it is my prayer that if man cannot or will not, God in some way or other would stop the whole business, so that the many, and the young, and the brightest, who have by hard toll, been led into a healthier life, should not be swamped again, and the others, at least, prevented from destroying themselves.

Stray Sparks

FROM PICTON'S D.O.

I have just finished my third trip around the District. Monday, March 10th, found me, accompanied by my little daughter, Alle, who sings in the meetings, on the train, bound for

Trenton.

The smiling face of Captain Green greeted us at the station. We were piloted to the quarters, where Alle soon made herself at home with the three graces—Faith, Hope, and Grace. We had social at night, after a lively meeting, in which Alle sang, "I know He cares for me," and "Let a little sunshine in." Seven years ago I supplied here for one Sabbath, as Lieutenant, and I met many people in the corps who knew me then, and were standing good to-day. Praise God! We left next morning for

Tweed

with great expectation for a good time, and were not disappointed. Ensign Jones has done a big thing for God and the Army here, nobly assisted by his energetic and accomplished wife. Tweed has a population of 1,000. We marched at night about twenty strong, which only represented half the corps. A proper lot of blood-and-fire young people have joined the corps during the past three months. I had the satisfaction of enrolling four new soldiers—eight having been enrolled the month previous—commissioning five Local Officers, and starting the Publication System, which will be worked in good shape by P. S. M. Garrett. The corps now numbers forty-five visible, get-at-able, come-out-able soldiers, and is a live concern. Halleujah! The Zobo Cornet band, made up of Seniors and Juniors, is a great help to the march, and in the meetings. The Ensign, I am sorry to say, is feeling the strain of the hard work he has been doing in Tweed; but is happy in knowing that many have turned from their evil ways. A twenty-five-mile stage drive brings me to

Belleville.

where I was stationed, as Lieutenant, seven years ago, with Adj. Blackman and Capt. (now Adj.) Patterson. Oh, Belleville, what shall I say of thee? Truly thou art a wicked city. Evangelist Silvera was not far wrong in his denunciations of the sins of its people. However, Capt. and Mrs. Carter have nobly held their own, and ably financed a difficult concern. I had the pleasure of seeing the new boy-Cadet, which arrived a month ago. As a baby he is a "wonderful success," and will make a grand open-air worker some day, like his pa. Mrs. Carter has far from well, and needs rest. Here we got the best collection we have seen for a long time. About twenty-five people gave \$2.50 in a few minutes. One young girl who was badly convicted of sin would not yield because she was not willing to become a soldier. May the Lord help her.

—Richard Pugh, D. O.

From Death Springs Life

Or, THOUGHTS ON THE LIFE OF
LIEUT. WHITBORN.

By STAFF-CAPT. JOST.

I took it in my hand and looked at it, a tiny little dark thing, without even a suggestion of life or beauty about it, or even usefulness; nor could the most vivid imagination see in it any promise of ever being anything more, at any future time, than it now was—just a solitary little grain of wheat. I cast it back with the rest of its like, hundreds of them.

A few days after it was taken, with many others, and thrown broadcast upon the upturned earth in a field. What for? To die; to be thrown away, not even ground up for flour, but just seemingly thrown away, its little life endlessly thrown away.

A few weeks pass away. Where the little grain had fallen we see some little fresh green leaves shooting up into the light. They grow. Soon the stalks rise up, and then scores of little grains, just like the little one thrown away, are seen.

Whence Came They?

If we dig down to the root of the stalk we will find only the empty shell of the first grain. In the darkness its life, like the barley leaves in the hands of the Master, had been multiplied and reproduced in those seen waving in the sunlight above. From death has come life.

A twelve-month or so ago, living on the northern shores of Newfoundland, God moved on the heart of one who had been saved by the blood of Christ and brought into touch with Him, to devote her life to His service. She left her home, intent on the carrying-out of her purpose. Instead of being given, as she had hoped, a post at the front of the battle, God saw fit to allow her to be placed where the greater part of the toll and labor was to be borne. Her life, like the tiny grain of wheat under the soil, seemed to be hidden, and out of sight, unnoticed, except by God and the angels. Still she toiled on, though often tempted to feel that the desire of her heart to be a soul-winner was not being accomplished.

See Daily Ministering

to the badly needed of the little ones in the nursery, and the older ones in the Home, seemed a very round-about way to the pathway of a soul-winner. At last there came a time when even that work was taken from her, and she was laid aside, till, through suffering and weakness, she was brought still lower, until at last the call came. Her work for God on earth was finished when seemingly it had just begun. To the untimely her life seemed thrown away, like the little grain of wheat, to perish, unnoticed, in the darkness. How strange, how mysterious, when she had waited so much to work for her Master, that her life should thus have been cut short before she had seemed to accomplish anything, or seen any definite fruits of her sacrifice for Him.

But, wait! As she lay in the casket in the Army barracks, at the invitation of the officer in charge, one after another,

Five Precious Souls Went Their Way to the Cross.

while all over the building, as the story of her consecrated life and peaceful death was told, men and women sobbed with emotion, and we believe eternally alone will reveal the results of new-made vows to live for God as she had done.

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." Sometimes the dying is such as described by St. Paul, "I die daily." God and of some a long life of daily sacrifice, or the road of others. Of others He demands but a short term of such, and then cuts short the work in righteousness. He has His own way of using lives consecrated to Him, but in all He will be glorified in our bringing forth much fruit if our lives are really sacrificed for Him. There is no Easter in any life until there has been a Calvary. From death springs life.



A Revival

ANBORA—A revival of religion is going on at the Cross for salvation. God will do the glory and honor. —C. W. Pencock, Canada.

Fifty Sober

BARRIE—The three hundred Army barracks were marked with spots of good crowds, and favorable general. At night Ad. rolled eight soldiers, two Local Officers, and Sergeant to the rank of Captain. Perry, late of the 1st, assisted in all the East conducted a beautiful service on Monday night, S. A. in the Klondike, nearly enjoyed by the present. Six weeks' were concluded with God for the spiritual aid during the home. Sons sought for holiness. Harrie Gazette.

A Young Dr.

HELENHEIM—On St. John's day, the faithful service, difficulties, Commander and Remington sang, "God we meet again." The Captain in her new dress had a special meeting of the juniors took a program by Sgt. Hitts, with clapping of hands, and exercises by the Sarah Clemens were glorious, the youngest 15 years of age. We also Sunday, which was Helen Clemens, our sister, in six and a half Easter Cry was a well-lua Groom.



Cand. Treloar, Army

One Hundred and

ROMANISTA—We many prisoners for souls have sought for last two weeks, and are ready for the which takes place drill attendance is there were out on and one hundred in the march.—Lieut.

Easter B

BOTHWELL—C. has worked well amidst for several weeks. We shall be on Easter Sunday good, the attendance all that could were enrolled as soldiers, many with their land or yield, though one to pray for him working, and he'll break in the enemy might just say th

In my hand and looked at
little dark thing, without
gestion of life or beauty
even usefulness; nor
most vivid imagination see
romance of ever being any-
at any future time, than
—just a solitary little grain
cast it back with the rest
hundreds of them.

Days after it was taken,
others, and thrown broad-
upturned earth in a field.
To die; to be thrown
even ground up for flour,
completely thrown away, its
ded.

arks pass away. Where the
bad fallen we see some
green leaves shooting up
and they grow. Soon the
up and then scorns of
just like the little one
y, are seen.

Why Came They?

Down to the root of the
hill and only the empty
first grain. In the dark-
like the barley leaves in
of the Master, had been
and reproduced in those
in the sunlight above,
has come life.

month or so ago, living on
shores of Newfoundland,
on the heart of one who
by the blood of Christ
into touch with Him, to
life to His service. She
s, intent on the carrying-
purpose. Instead of being
the battle, God saw fit to
be placed where the
of the toil and labor was
eases. Her life, like the
wheat under the soil,
hidden, and out of sight
except by God and the
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Daily Ministering

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God on earth was finish-
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Thinking her life would
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ed had wanted so much
er Master, that her life
On Easter Sunday the meet-
gave out short before
to accomplish any-
any definite fruits of her
im.

As she lay in the casket
barracks, at the invita-
cer in charge, one after

THE WAR CRY. BATTLE BULLETINS

A Revival.—A revival has broken out
and eleven precious souls have knelt
at the Cross for salvation. We give
God all the glory and pray for more.
—C. W. Penneck, Cand.

Fifty Seekers.
BARRIE.—The three services held in
the Army barracks on Good Friday
were marked with spiritual victories,
good crowds, and favorable success in
general. At night Adj. Burrows en-
rolled eight soldiers, commissioned
two Local Officers, and promoted one
Sergeant to the rank of Sergt.-Major.
Ensign Perry, late of the North-West,
assisted in all the Easter services, and
conducted a beautiful illustrated ser-
vice on Monday night, entitled "The
S. A. in the Klondike," which was
heartily enjoyed by the large crowd
present. Six weeks' revival meetings
were conducted with much praise to
God for the spiritual good accomplish-
ed during the same. Over fifty per-
sons sought for holiness and pardon.
—Harrie Gazette.

A Young Drummer.
BLENNHEIM.—On Sunday Capt. Mat-
thers made us farewell, after five
months' faithful service under great
difficulties. Comrades Bumble, Hills,
and Reunington sang, with guitar ac-
companiment, "God be with you till
we meet again." May God bless the
Captain in his new field of labor. We
had a special meeting on Friday, when
the Juniors took a prominent part. A
song by Sec. Hills and the Juniors,
with clapping of hands, was well re-
ceived. Exercises by Hicotte, Freue, and
Sarah Clemens were the chief attrac-
tions, the youngest being under four
years of age. We also had a children's
Sunday, which was very interesting.
Hicotte Clemens, our youngest drum-
mer, is six and a-half years old. The
Easter Cry was a beauty, and sold
well.—Ira Groom.



Cand, Trickey and Bro. Coffin,
Cand. Rev. C.B.

One Hundred and Twenty-three.
NOXAVISTA.—We are capturing
many prisoners for God. Nineteen
souls have sought salvation during the
last two weeks, and sixteen recruits
are ready for the next enrolment,
which takes place soon. Our knee-
drill attendance is increasing. Forty-
three were out on Sunday morning,
and one hundred and twenty-three on
the murch.—Lieut. R. Bages.

Easter Blessings.
BOTHWELL.—Capt. Harman, who
has worked well and faithfully in our
midst for several months, has fare-
welled. We shall miss him very much.
On Easter Sunday the meetings were
good, the attendance and attention be-
ing all that could be desired. Three
were enrolled as soldiers. In the night
meeting many souls seemed burdened
with their load of sin, but none would
yield, though one dear brother asked
us to pray for him. We are praying,
working, and believing for a further
break in the enemy's ranks soon. I
might just say the Easter Cry and

Young Soldiers were well received,
and are all sold out. Sergt. R. T.
Northcott.

Some Under and Some Over.
BRAMPTON.—On Saturday and
Sunday we had a visit from Capt. and
Mrs. McClelland, Capt. Cornish, and
Lieut. Penneck—just the right hand to
make things lively. We started with
a rousing open-air on Saturday and
followed by a lively free-and-easy in-
side. A small, but blessed, knee-drill
at 7 a.m. prepared us for Sunday's
fight. At 10:30, with colors flying and
cornets blowing, we marched round
the town. On arriving at the railway
track we found our way blocked by
a freight train. Determined not to
be beaten or delayed we crossed, some
under, and some over the cars. A
real good holiness meeting followed,
in which we consecrated ourselves af-
resh to God. In the afternoon and
evening strong appeals to sinners were
made by the visiting officers, but none
would yield.—Cadet Edwards.

A Great Battle.
BRANDON.—At 7 a.m. we met for
sword-stamping, and God did not
disappoint us, but gave us one soul.
At 10:30 our forces were gathered to
drive the enemy. There was some
heavy firing, but none were taken.
Again at six the forces were marshal-
led, determined to give the devil no
quarter, and God came and poured
His Spirit upon us. At eight o'clock
we opened fire on the enemy, and
poured in some very heavy "bravie" lies,
which made the enemy tremble. They
the Adjutant changed the attack, and
divided her soldiers. She sent one
half around behind, with the result
that five souls were taken from the
enemy. We finished with a lance
song, "Praise God, from Whom all
blessings flow."—J. T. J.

A Serious Illness.
BROOKVILLE.—Two weeks ago I
arrived here and found Capt. Piche-
r just commencing to improve, after a
serious illness. Things did not look
the brightest, but hard work and faith
tried the victory. During the two
weeks seven souls have sought and
found the Saviour. Hallelujah!—M.

A Poor Wanderer.
CARBONARA.—God is blessing our
labors. Lieuts. Simmons and Sherwin
were with us all day Sunday, on their
way to their stations. We had a bless-
ed time, and at the close one poor
wanderer came back to the fold.
—Sergt.-Major Taylor, R. C.

A Great Salvation Bazaar.
CARLETON.—Last week six souls
sought God, and another one came
last night. Four recruits are now
waiting enrolment. The crowds are
coming up fine, and we are believing
for a great salvation bazaar.—Hudson
and McWilliams.

He has Taken His Place.
DESEKUNTO.—I am glad to report
that since Lieut. Crowe's attack the
meetings on Sunday evenings, and one
hacksider has returned and taken his
place in the war. Glory to God!—
Corps-Cadet B. Podgers.

Full of Faith and Faith.
DUNDAS.—On Saturday night Major
Pickering (our new P. O.) accom-
panied by Staff-Capt. Stanyon and
Adj. DesBrisay, paid a visit to Dun-
das corps. The Major spoke in his
characteristic way, and was a great
blessing to us all. On Sunday one
hacksider was brought back to the
fold, and started stronger than ever
on the right path. Others were deeply
moved. The soldiers are on fire and
full of faith and faith, and we are
looking for great victories in the fu-
ture.—Lieut. M. Porter.

Red Hot Brigade.
GRAND FORKS.—The Red-Hot Bri-
gade was with us for a week. Our
open-air were largely attended, and
the barracks was crowded every night.
Two souls sought salvation on Sunday
night. This is good, but we are be-
lieving for more.—W. J. Mansell, Can-
det.

Fourteen Souls Captured.
HAMILTON.—The visit of Major
Pickering and Staff-Capt. Stanyon was
a success, and fourteen souls were
captured. We feel that the Major is
not only a leader but a brother. His
welcome on Good Friday was all that
could be desired. As far as intro-
duction was concerned, it was not
needed, as he felt right at home. Capt.
Renne, of St. Catharines, spoke on
behalf of that corps. Capt. McCann
has fared well from No. 11, after seven
months' faithful labor for God. Five
young men were enrolled as soldiers.
The Captain has done a good work in
this corps.—R. O.

A Sad Farewell.
HURON ST.—We were glad to have
Capt. Charlton and Fred. Young with
us, but it was with deep regret that
we heard of the farewell of Capt. and
Mrs. Liston and Sister Palmer. For
seven months Capt. and Mrs. Liston
have been toiling here, and they have
been a blessing to us. We had an
enrolment on Sunday, when one dear
sister took her stand as a soldier of
old No. 1.—M. J. Langridge.

Easter Services.
LISGAR ST.—Twenty-two soldiers
met for a 7 o'clock knee-drill on Good
Friday morning. We had a good open-
air in the afternoon, and a service of
song at night. Easter Sunday was
a day long to be remembered. We
started in the morning at 6:30 with a
march, headed by the band, and thirty-
six met for knee-drill. The holiness
meeting was a heart-searching time.
Ex-Capt. Rowe was with us. Bro. Mc-
Farland sang a solo. In the afternoon
and evening the Ithobon Family were
with us, and those who did not hear
them missed a treat. They are won-
derfully gifted for music and singing.
The little drummer-boy is but three
years old, and beats the drum in per-
fect time. The barracks was filled to
overflowing in the evening, and alto-
gether we had good Easter meetings.
—S. McFarland, R.C.

All Things are Possible with God.
LONDON.—We were pleased to see
Mrs. Adj. Wakefield at the meetings
to-day (Sunday) after an absence of
some seventeen weeks. Although she
is still very poorly, all things are pos-
sible with God, and we are hoping she
will soon be well and strong again.
At the night meeting Lieut. Kitchen
said good-bye, after spending five
months of faithful fighting here. The
Lieutenant takes with her the prayers
and best wishes of the London cor-
rades. The meetings closed for the
day with two in the fountain.—C. S. M.

Walked Seven Miles.
NEW GLASGOW.—Saturday night
was the Brigadier's welcome, and after
a short introduction, he took hold and
led a real salvation meeting. Con-
viction was stamped on many faces,
and on Sunday the break came. In
the holiness meeting five came out,
including two hacksiders. God's Spirit
came upon us at night, and as the
Brigadier spoke of those who have lost
Jesus, the truth sank deep, and we
had the joy of seeing seven, mostly
men, take a stand for the Master.
Quite a few danced in good style.
Without a doubt, the Brigadier has
won a warm spot in our hearts. One
convert of a week or so (a woman)
walked from Eureka, over seven miles,
to attend the meetings. Another young
lad who walked from the same place,
and walked back at night. He is a Can-
didate, and there are others around
here who should offer themselves for
the work.—"Hadd."

Among the Dry Bones.
NEW WESTMINSTER.—On Friday
night we paid a visit to Sapperton,
which is about two miles from the
city. The S. A. has some warm
friends here. The Methodist Church

was kindly loaned us for the occasion,
and was well filled with a very nice
crowd, who enjoyed the meeting im-
mensely. The music was furnished
by our little band, some of whom are
up-to-date musicians. On Tuesday
night we had a social gathering of
soldiers and friends. A hundred or
more sat down to a comfortable rep-
ast, and a very happy time was spent.
We are doing our best to weaken the
forces of the enemy, and are believing
for a mighty shaking among the dry
bones.—Cadet R. Prowse.



Dear Editor.
The War Cry is devoured immedi-
ately it reaches here, and I think it is
the best paper for Salvationists, Chris-
tians, sinners, and, in fact, everybody
else. Thank me for pushing it. It is
a good thing, and I pass it on.
Yours affectionately,
HARRY HUSTLER.

The Renowned Singer.
NEWCASTLE.—On Friday night we
had one soul, and on Saturday night
four sought salvation. The children
took the platform on Sunday after-
noon, led by the famous renowned
singer. Crowds are good. War Cry
all sold. Lieutenant is a hustler. Capt.
Brown and Lieut. Duncan, with New-
castle soldiers, are in for victory.—A
Soldier.

The End of the Siege.
NORTH SYDNEY.—We had a bus-
ting time last Sunday, with five souls
seeking salvation. We have just been
favored with a visit from our new
P. O., Brigadier Sharp. Both soldiers
and friends gave the Brigadier a real
heartly welcome, and the audience rose
to their feet, in answer to Adj. Ad-
dowell's invitation, to give the P. O.
a welcome. Nearly forty soldiers
turned out to the open-air, and a large
crowd stood around, and was very
much pleased with Capt. Fleming's
solo singing. This being the end of
the Siege, the P. O. enrolled eleven
recruits, bringing our roll up to sixty,
with seven others for next enrolment.
We finished up at 10:30 with one soul
at the Mercy Seat. The D. O., Adj.
Dowell was on his farewell tour. He
goes to Halifax Corps and District.
Our new snare drum has just arrived,
and one of our last Sunday's converts
is beating it for Jesus.—G. P. T.

Through Mud and Rain.
OTTAWA.—Of late we have had
farewell and welcome meetings.
Brigadier Pugmire has said good-bye,
and we have had the pleasure of giv-
ing Major Turner a welcome to Ot-
tawa. Although there was plenty of
rain and mud, a very good crowd turned
out for the march and welcome
meeting. Sergt.-Major Webber, on be-
half of the Local Officers of the corps,
gave a few words of welcome, and
Bandmaster Duncan, on behalf of the
band. Envoy Mages, from the coun-
try circuit, gave a good stirring wel-
come to the Major, and Mrs. Adj.
Kendall spoke on behalf of the ladies

of the corps. The Major responded in real earnest, and took right hold of the people. The knee-drill was a good one, and the 11 o'clock holiness meeting was well attended. The afternoon and night meetings were excellent, and three souls sought salvation. We had a grand march through the mud and rain at night. Our soldiers are made of the right kind of stuff on that line. God is truly working in our midst, but we would like to see greater advances. We are having an enrolment of recruits this week, when half-a-dozen ought to be enrolled.—Kendall.

Mistakes of the War.

PICTON.—Since last report we have had a visit from Capt. Poole, the new G. B. M. Agent. A very good crowd turned out to welcome the Captain to our pretty little town. The service was entitled, "Life-Story of Billy McLeod," and "Mistakes of the War." Everyone was well pleased, and so was the Captain when he departed of all the G. B. M. Boxes he had with him. We all join in saying, "Come again."—Lillie Love.

Will Soon be Broken.

PRESCOTT.—Since last report, we have said goodbye to Lieut. Rutledge and have welcomed Capt. Weir back from his furlough. The soldiers are set on fire for souls. Our crowds are good, and we believe the devil's ranks are going to be broken soon.—Matthew Brimson, R. C.

Three Recruits and Two Wanderers

PRINCE ALBERT.—Ensign Stalger, the new T. F. S., spent the week-end with us. Three recruits were enrolled on Sunday afternoon. At the lantern service on Monday night the barracks were crowded, and the finances were excellent. Two wanderers came back to God. Come again, Ensign.—Oulooker.

The Ibbotson Family.

RIVERSIDE. Since last report we have had good times. We had a visit from Bro. Ibbotson and family, and Staff-Capt. Archibald. The people enjoyed the Staff-Captain's talk, and we could see the Spirit of God striving with them. The hall was crowded to the door. We gave them a hearty invitation back again. Corps-Cadet McCanney.

The Soul-Saving Troupe.

SEAFORTH.—The Junior and Band of Love work is on the up-grade at Seaforth. Capt. and Mrs. Coy have worked hard during their command, and God has blessed their efforts. Our crowds were good, but the visiting results did not come up to our expectations; however, we did our best, and feel sure that a work was done for God. The town was greatly stirred, and the devil was very angry, and even tried to get one of his servants to drive through our open-air ring on the Monday night. We stood our ground, however. A large crowd of people gathered around in a few minutes, giving us the opportunity of warning them to flee from the wrath to come.—W. C.

The T.F.S. Welcomed.

SNOHOMISH.—Everything looks bright. On March 20th, 30th, and 31st Ensign Andrews was with us. We had a lovely meeting on Friday night, and on Saturday the magic lantern service was enjoyed by all. We had beautiful meetings all day on Sunday, and the Ensign was a great blessing to us. He was very much taken up with Snohomish and its people, and he made many friends while here who will give him a hearty welcome back. Our open-air meetings were something grand, and everyone listened with the greatest interest.—Capt. Perrenoud.

A Lift on the Way.

SOMERSET. Ber. — On Thursday night our D. C. Art. Miller, paid us a visit, also the brass band from the city, which gave us a lift on the way. We had a glorious time together. The band rendered some nice music, which drew a large crowd. The barracks was nearly packed out, and the collection was very good, amounting to \$6.61. Capt. Bell and Lieut. McLeod are still battling against sin, and believing for a break in the devil's ranks soon.—C. E. Harrison, Sec.

Scores of Sinners

SPOKANE.—Eight souls have sought salvation, and one came for sanctification since last report. Our dear officers, Staff-Capt. Galt and Capt. LeDrew, have received orders to farewell. To say we are very sorry they are leaving us is but a feeble way of expressing ourselves. They have endeared themselves to our hearts by the solid, earnest, persevering efforts they have put forth to encourage the poor sinner to come to Christ. Scores of sinners have been saved since they took charge of the corps: May God bless them in their new appointment. The new officers may rest assured of the hearty co-operation of the Spokane corps.—Joe Logan, R. C.

Such a Large Crowd

SUMMERSIDE.—The Lord has been blessing the efforts of our new officers, Capt. Anderson and Lieut. Chandler. Crowds and finances are increasing, and we have had the joy of seeing a few souls come to God. Many more are under deep conviction, and we are believing for great things in the future. This week we had the pleasure of a visit from our new T. F. S., Ensign Parker. We never saw such a large crowd at a lantern service before, and everybody was delighted with it. The Ensign has won his way into the hearts of the people, and we assure him a hearty welcome when he comes again.—Redbird.



ENSIGN AND MRS. KNIGHT, WESTVILLE, N.S.

Twenty Souls.

TILT COVE.—Since the Siege commenced twenty souls have been saved, some of whom have given in their names as recruits. We will look forward to a big enrolment on Good Friday. Last week we had a banquet, and the abundance of good things provided proved the liberality of the people of Tilt Cove. Much credit is due our soldiers and friends who worked so nobly to make it a success. Everybody pronounced it "the best yet," and we certify to the same by showing clear of expenses, the sum of \$55.85, being \$2 more raised than on any previous occasion. With all our heart we thank our comrades and friends for their assistance, and give God all the glory.—M. Barry, Capt.

Speak Not Harshly.

Speak not harshly of a comrade. If he falter on the track. When his feet are well-high slipping. And his courage seems to lack; Rather stretch your hand to help him. Speak a word his heart to cheer; It may prove a cup of blessing. And 'twill please your Father's ear.

Speak not harshly quickly, comrades; Harsh words break the bruised reed Which our Saviour died to strengthen: Kind words help such to succeed. Yes, our day will soon be over, Soon our evening time will come; We shall then be glad we've uttered Words that helped our comrade home.

GOOD-BYE, NORTH SYDNEY.

An Interview Between the Treasurer and Captain on the Last Nine Months' Warfare.

TREASURER: "Good-morning, Captain. I hear you are farewelling. Is that so?"

CAPTAIN: "Yes, that is correct. After ten months' fighting I shall soon say good-bye."

T.: "Could you spare time to give me a little information?"

C.: "Ask what you will, it shall be granted."

T.: "How many souls have been saved, and soldiers added to the roll during your term at North Sydney?"

C.: "There have been 65 Seniors and 30 Juniors saved, and 23 soldiers added to the roll, besides some transfers from other corps."

T.: "And you found that the War Cry sells readily, have you?"

Sold 5 000 War Crys.

C.: "Not as easy as in some places; but, nevertheless, we sold out our supply every week, and paid in full. Between Mrs. Thompson and myself, we sold over 5,000 copies on the streets."

T.: "How have you found the finances compare with other corps?"

C.: "Finances would compare favorably with any corps. They couldn't be much better. We received full salary nearly every week, besides paying over \$50 for furnishing and repairs to barracks and quarters. We gained a grand victory in our last Harvest Festival by going considerably over the target."

T.: "Now, a word or two about the Junior work. How is it going?"

C.: "Ha! You've struck a key to my heart. I love the children's work. We have to-day a good Junior corps, with eight Companies, and ten when we can secure the teachers. There were only three and sometimes even two, working nine months ago. We have also a good staff of Junior Locals. The average attendance is one hundred."

T.: "I see you've got a library for the children."

C.: "Yes, we have a fine library, and the children are interested in it."

T.: "How many Corps-Cadets have you?"

C.: "We have three; one of these applied before we came, and one or two others are ripening and will no doubt become Corps-Cadets soon."

T.: "One more word, Captain. How did you find the people of North Sydney in general?"

C.: "All right. I speak of people as I find them; I really have enjoyed myself. Good-bye, I'm off for Dartmouth."

T.: "Oh, pardon me, Captain, but who is your successor?"

C.: "Capt. Goodwin, from Annapolis. Treat her good and no doubt you'll have an enjoyable time in your corps. Adieu."

OLD WINE.

Thoughts of Ancient Writers.

A man should be upright, not be kept upright.

The universe is change; our life is what our thoughts make it.

Things that have a common quality ever quickly seek their kind.

Remember this—that very little is needed to make a happy life.

To a rational being it is the same thing to act according to nature and according to reason.

Thou wilt find rest from vain fancies if thou doest every act in life as though it were thy last.

Look to the essence of a thing, whether it be a point of doctrine, of practice, or of interpretation.

How much time he gains who does not look to see what his neighbor says, or does, or thinks, but only at what he does himself to make it just and holy.

Time is a sort of river of passing events, and strong in its current; no sooner is a thing brought to sight than it is swept by, and another takes its place, and this too, will be swept away.

Whatever is in any way beautiful hath its source of beauty in itself, and is complete in itself; praise forms no part of it. So it is none the worse, nor the better, for being praised.

Remember that man's life lies with-in this present, as 'twere but a hair's breadth of time; as for the rest, the past is gone, the future yet unseen.

Dying Grace.

I went once to see a dying girl whom the world had roughly treated. She never had a father; she never knew her mother. Her home had been the poorhouse, her couch the hospital cot; and yet, as she staggered in her weakness there, she staggered up a little of the alphabet, enough to spell out the New Testament, and also had touched the hem of the Master's garment, and had learned the new song. And I never trembled in the presence of majesty as I did in the majesty of her presence as she came near the crossing.

"Oh, sir," she said, "God sends His angels. I read in His Word, 'Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be the heirs of salvation?' And when I am lying in my cot they stand about me on this floor, and when the heavy darkness comes and this poor side aches so severely, He comes, for He says, 'Lo, I am with you, and I sleep, I rest.'—Bishop C. H. Fowler.

SUNDY SNAP-SHOTS.

A blank cartridge will make the most noise.

To be content with the less is to have less discontent.

Fidelity to old truths demands hospitality to new ones.

A man's wealth may be measured by his capacities, not by his coin.

It is poor religious exercise balancing on one foot on the edge of sin.

The modesty of true worth is only equalled by the worth of true modesty.

There is only one single step from the level rock over the precipice of ruin.

Getting Christ into the people will solve the problem of getting people into the church.

When we think to thank God for our pleasures it will be easier to bless Him for our burdens.

A Robber Trapped

By J. H. MERRITT.

The literal meaning of the "robber" is, "One who takes another's goods without the owner's consent. To enumerate all the forms of robbery now practiced would be as impossible as would be the task of lecturing and punishing all the robbers of the most prevalent crime, however, be named.

A "Highwayman"

meets his victim on some dark street or at a lonely spot on the highway, and relieves him of his wealth. The burglar stealthily enters a residence, or office, or bank, and there on himself. An embezzler misappropriates the funds of which he is trustee. A defaulter simply walks off with the cash from the bank in which he is cashier, or from some other institution of which he is treasurer. A shoplifter has a mania for pilfering articles from stores in which he deals. The deadbeat has his various methods of action. Sometimes he robs a man and forgets the landlord's claim; and he robs the tailor for his ready-made clothes, but fails to pay cash for same. He is usually a generous customer in ordering from the baker, meat from the butcher, groceries from the grocer, a dollar asks for cash. "No man can't get ahead out of a store," says the deadbeat of this class, have been known to fill the role of "boarders" with unsuspecting house proprietors, and also to pass a living from poor, hard-working others, or widowed mothers, or orphaned sisters. He is an expert at relieving his friends of the cash in their surplus cash, and does not mind them by returning it again.

I might mention many other of the robber class, but will be content with a reference to one more, and is the

"Champion Robber."

The limits of this class differ according to circumstances, and I will therefore describe only one—the kind who frequent the Salvation Army. A most devout worshipper of that is, if you believe all he says in his prayers, or take any stock in his testimony. "Were the whole of nature mine, that were I far too small," and, say, "Oh, how I love the Salvation Army! I shall never be able to repay them what they have been the means of God's hands, of doing for me."

Such a terrible drunkard, a terrible gambler, and a terrible liar, and my poor wife and family have little to eat, or wear either. But the Army picked me up, everything changed. Now we have a lovely wife and children have plenty of food, and all the clothes they need. I have a good job, and have been put quite a sum in the bank every day. Why shouldn't I love the Army?"

My! I tell you! Isn't he clever, though? Do you want to carry the flag at the head of the "procession"?—He is your standard-bearer. Or someone to hammer those awful sinners?—He is your sledgehammer. Or pray by the shout "Hallelujah!" with a thunder?—He is your thunder.

What a Wonder!

Ready to be or do, I was going anything or everything, for the old Army!—but wait a moment.

What has struck the fellow he taken suddenly ill, or the fellow introduced, some heresy in the corps? Let us listen.

"My dear friends, we are not to take up the offering. As doubtless aware, we cannot of use half like this, without pay. We have not, as yet, discussed mine under the cellar, so to buy our coal from the dealer the place. Neither have so fortunate as to light upon a natural gas, hence we have to Gas Company for lighting."

A Robber Trapped.

By J. H. MERRETT.

The literal meaning of the word "robber" is, "One who takes another's goods without the owner's consent." To commemorate all the forms of robbery now practiced would be as impossible as would be the task of detecting and punishing all the robbers. A few of the most prevalent classes may, however, be named.

A "Highwayman"

He meets his victim on some dark street, or at a lonely spot on the highway, and robs him of his wealth. A burglar stealthily enters a residence, or office, or bank, and there enriches himself. An embezzler misappropriates the funds of which he is trustee. A defaulter simply skips out with the cash from the bank in which he is cashier, or from some other public institution of which he is treasurer. A shopkeeper has a mania for prizing articles from stores in which he or she deals. The deadliest of all are the gangs of robbers. Sometimes he rents a house and forgets the landlord's claims on rent day; or he wears the tailor's up-to-date clothes, but fails to pay the cash for same. He is usually a very courteous customer in ordering bread from the baker, meat from the butcher, groceries from the grocer, and so on, but he loses his cunning when the dealer asks for cash. "No money! I can't get blood out of a stone." Individuals of this class have frequently been known to fill the role of "star boarders" with unsuspecting boarding-house proprietors, and also to sponge a living from poor, hard-working fathers, or widowed mothers, or orphaned sisters. He is an expert hand at relieving his friends of the care of their surplus cash, and does not trouble them by returning it again.

I might mention many other species of the robber-class, but will be content with a reference to one more, and that is the

"Champion Robber."

The habits of this class differ according to circumstances, and I will therefore describe only one—the kind that frequents the Salvation Army. He is a Christian—at least, he says he is. A most devout worshipper of God—that is, if you believe all he says in his prayers, or take any stock in his testimony. "Were the whole realm of nature mine, that were a present fur too small," and, say, listen!—"Oh, how I love the Salvation Army! I shall never be able to repay them for what they have been the means, in God's hands, of doing for me. I was such a terrible drunkard. I used to spend all I earned in the bar-room, and my poor wife and family had very little to eat, or wear either. But since the Army picked me up, everything is changed. Now we have a lovely home, the wife and children have plenty to eat, and all the clothes they need. I have a good job, and have been able to put quite a sum in the bank for a rainy day. Why shouldn't I love the Army?"

My! I tell you! Isn't he the soldier, though? Do you want someone to carry the flag at the head of the "procession"?—He is your standard-bearer. Or someone to hammer away at those awful sinners?—He is your sledgehammer. Or pray by the mile?—He is your praying-machine. Or shout "Hallelujah!" with a voice of thunder?—He is your thunderer.

What a Wonder!

Ready to be or do, I was going to say, anything or everything, for the "dear old Army,"—but wait a moment. What has struck the fellow? Has he taken suddenly ill, or is that officer introducing some heresy into the corps? Let us listen!

"My dear friends, we are now going to take up the offering. As you are doubtless aware, we cannot occupy a nice hall like this, without paying rent. We have not, as yet, discovered a coal mine under the cellar, so we have to buy our coal from the dealer to heat the place. Neither have we been so fortunate as to light upon a vein of natural gas, hence we have to pay the Gas Company for lighting. I might

also say that neither the Lieutenant nor I have as yet found the secret of extracting sufficient nourishment from the air to sustain our bodies, and are therefore compelled to eat and drink. On account of the sin of our first parents, as well as the laws of the land, we are obliged to wear clothes. But these, and many other reasons, we cannot get along without money. However, I am satisfied you all love the Army, and also understand your duty towards God in this matter. One-tenth of all your possess or earn is His. He has given you ninety cents out of every dollar for your own use, but the other ten cents are not yours, you are only His stewards. He has placed it in your keeping so that His work will be supported, and the expenses properly paid. I am sure that, as Christians, you will at least be honest and not withhold the Lord's money, even if you do not feel inclined to make a thank-offering to God out of your own nine-tenths as well. Sister Housley will sing a solo, while Sergeant Faithful Steward collects from you the Lord's money."

Hello! What's the matter over there? A soldier quickly grabs his hat, coat, rubbers, and cane, and strikes for the door as if sent for a doctor. Who is it, and

What Ails Him?

Listen to what he says:—

"Did you ever hear such rot? No, thing but besides all the time! No wonder people lookside in such meetings! The Army will never prosper while such a fool as that has charge. It takes all the spirit out of me even to listen to him talking money all the time. Why doesn't he go in and preach the Gospel, and trust God for the expenses?"

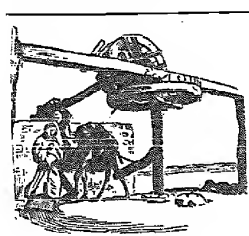
What ails him? Simply that with all his bombast about his devotion to God, and his love for the "dear old Army," he is a

Robber of God.

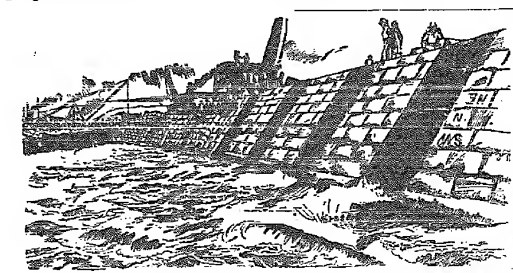
True, he speaks, and prays, and professes, but truer still, he robs God and the Army of the money that belongs to them. So does everyone else who withholds from God His tenth of what they own or possess, and God in His Word says so Himself.

"Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed Me." But ye say, Wherein have we robbed Thee? In tithes and offerings.

"Ye are cursed with a curse; for ye have robbed Me, even this whole nation."—Mal. iii. 8, 9.



For centuries the natives have reclaimed bits of the desert for cultivation by means of water-wheels, worked by camels blind-folded to prevent dizziness while walking round and round. The wheel draws up buckets of water, and is still a familiar sight along the Nile banks.



North side of the Assuan Dam, showing the sluices. The dam creates a lake 144 miles long, and will convert hundreds of miles of desert into pasture land.

More Corn in Egypt.

England's Greatest Enterprise—Making a Lake, 144 Miles Long, to Save Egypt.

Since the days of Joseph, Egypt has been celebrated for its corn crops, but the area has been very limited, being, in fact, only that portion of the country which became flooded by the annual overflowing of the Nile, which not only watered the land, but had a deposit of rich mud which was very fertile. British enterprise has, however, been exercised on behalf of the country with a view to increasing the area thus flooded by building a great dam, whereby it is hoped to transform thousands of miles of the Egyptian desert into smiling pasture land.

At present the cultivated soil consists of a belt of land on either side of the river extending as far as, and no further than, the line reached by the waters of the High Nile. The rest is arid, unproductive sand. Now, the Nile waters are particularly rich in a sediment invaluable for agricultural purposes, and yet every year enough Nile water and soil to create several Egypt's are allowed to run into the Mediterranean. It is in this impounded water that a great wall of granite is being built on the southern side of the first cataract at Assuan. The water stretches from the right bank of the Nile to the left, a distance of a mile and a quarter, and, when completed, will rise ninety feet above the level of the river at low water. The top of it will be as wide as Fleet Street and will accommodate as much traffic.

The wall as will be seen from the illustration will be pierced by sluices. They number 180. The great steel doors, with which they are provided, will be worked by machinery, at once enormously powerful and yet so delicate that a child could let loose millions of gallons of this water, which is to be Egypt's salvation. At some periods of the year, nine hundred thousand tons of water will rush through the sluices every minute.

The dam will bottle up 1,000,000,000 tons of water; but the effect of the wall will be apparent over 144 miles of the river; in other words, a lake 144 miles long will be formed—a lake that would stretch from London to Nottingham, and then leave enough water to make a second Windermere. The cost of the scheme has been fixed at £5,000,000; but the Egyptian Government will not be asked to pay a sixpence until the work has been completed. The settling of this Nile bill will extend over a period of thirty years, so that Egypt is getting her colossal dam on the same system as thirty themselves get their sewing-machines—the deferred payment system.

"Jesus did it all, long, long ago." Truly! But what was it Jesus did? His own work, not mine. He lived, labored, wept, suffered, and died, and atoned for me, and He did it all till He cried, "It is finished"; but I nowhere read that He "repented" and "turned to God," and did "miracles meet for repentance," and "believed" and obeyed the Gospel for me. This He commands every soul to do for itself, or perish.

Territorial Newslets.

We rejoice in the fact that a change for the better has taken place in the health of our beloved leader, the Field Commissioner. The united prayers of our comrades have prevailed, and our anticipations for a speedy recovery are daily being strengthened.

The Montreal Witness, always ready to lend our work a helping hand, devoted considerable space to the announcement of the Chief Secretary's meetings in that city.

The Staff Band, with Lieut.-Colonel Margetts in command, gave a successful festival at Lisgar St., on Monday, 15th. A good house greeted our comrades, and the finances were gratifying. A similar event will take place at the Temple on the Thursday following. The Editor officiates as chairman.

The health of Brigadier Gaskin continues to improve. The Brigadier's return to Toronto is expected about the end of this month.

Joe Beef's historic building is looking ten years younger now the alterations, superintended by Adjt. Patterson, are completed. It was formally re-opened on Tuesday, April 16th, by the Chief Secretary.

Montreal Provincial Headquarters is again located in the business centre of the city.

Cornet-Gadet Lovday Webber, who has put in many months of valued service at E. O. P. Headquarters, has farewelled for London. Lieut. Roy holds has taken her place as shorthand.

Capt. LeCoeq, of Klondike fame, was married to Lieut. Price, at the Temple, on Wed. April 16th, by Colonel Jacobs. The meeting was full of enthusiasm, forty officers and the united corps taking part.

Fatal Leaks.

A gentleman living in the country, whose supply of water for household purposes was scant, had a cistern dug near the house for collecting the rain which fell on the roofs of the buildings. For a time the expedient answered perfectly; the supply of water was abundant. Suddenly, however, the pump failed to give forth the contents of the reservoir. The rain would fall copiously, and for a time a few pails could be drawn, but very soon the supply ceased. The pump was carefully examined, and found to be in perfect working order, and no flaw could be anywhere discovered. At length it occurred to the perplexed householder to examine the cistern itself; then the mystery was solved. It was found that in one corner the cement had cracked, and there was a gaping leak which allowed the water to escape into a distant pit. It was plain that, however freely the rain might fall, the cistern would soon be empty again, as there was this overwhelming leak through which the water disappeared.

WORTH KNOWING.

Ice artificially manufactured by the use of chemical mixtures is not a late idea by any means, the invention dating back to 1783.

Old glass bottles, which are more or less useless, are now ground up and employed as a substitute for sand in the preparation of mortar.

An early Anglo-Saxon custom, strictly followed by newly-married couples, was that of drinking diluted honey for thirty days after marriage. From this custom comes the word honeymoon, or honey month.

OUR HUSTLERS HONOR ROLL

EASTERN PROVINCE.

105 Hustlers.

Cadet Holden, St. John I.	270
Lieut. White, Fredericton	249
Capt. Martin, Charlottetown	248
Lieut. Long, Yarmouth	185
P. S. M. McQueen, Moncton	180
Sergt. Courad, Halifax I.	158
Cadet Kenny, St. John I.	157
Mrs. Adjt. Frazer, Halifax I.	133
Sergt. Vennot, Halifax I.	132
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, N. Sydney	117
Ensign Knight, Westville	115
Cadet Duncan, Newcastle	110
Capt. Bowering, Campbellton	100
Lieut. McKim, Liverpool	100
Cand. Trickett, Glace Bay	100
Lieut. March, Sydney	100
Capt. Taylor, Windsor	80
Lieut. Melkie, Hampton	75
Mrs. Capt. Clark, Chatham	75
Lieut. Redmond, St. Stephen	75
Sergt. Matthews, New Glasgow	75
Capt. Armstrong, Parrsboro	70
J. Parsons, New Glasgow	67
Capt. Andrews, Truro	67
Capt. McEachern, St. Stephen	65
Capt. Payne, Calais	60
Capt. Hawboldt, Sydney	60
Capt. Taylor, Eastport	60
Capt. Lendley, New Glasgow	60
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John I.	60
Sergt. Kelly, St. George's	60
Capt. Brebant, Hamilton	60
M. Miles, Kentville	60
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	55
Capt. England, Truro	55
Mrs. Adjt. Dorell, New Glasgow	55
Capt. Forcey, Canning	55
A. Goodwin, Annapolis	51
Capt. Bell, Somerset	50
Capt. Miller, Bridgewater	50
Ensign Allan, Woodstock	50
Lieut. Young, Woodstock	50
Lieut. Lebas, Calais	50
C. C. Morey, Calais	50
Capt. Hall, Somerset	50
S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay	50
Col. Sergt. Beddingfield, Somerset	50
Lieut. Murrthou, Yarmouth	45
Capt. Smith, Springfield	45
Capt. Green, Sackville	45
L. Nevell, Dartmouth	42
Lieut. Urganhart, Halifax I.	41
P. S. M. Jones, St. John I.	40
Sergt. Fairweather, St. John I.	40
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, Glace Bay	40
Lieut. McDonald, Bridgewater	40
Lieut. McLeod, Somerset	40
Capt. Winchester, Houlton	40
Mrs. Young, Springfield	38
Mrs. Bentry, 1 rueletion	37
Lieut. Jones, Houlton	35
Capt. Thompson, N. Sydney	35
C. C. Chislett, N. Sydney	35
C. C. Maynard, N. Sydney	35
Sergt. G. Martin, Glace Bay	35
S. M. Worth, Charlottetown	35
M. Smith, Windsor	35
Capt. Clark, Chatham	35
Lieut. Vandine, Houlton	35
Capt. Kirk, Clark's Harbor	30
Lieut. Tiller, Clark's Harbor	30
Capt. Wyatt, Hillsboro	30
Sergt. Burns, Somerset	30
S. Holden, Windsor	30
Lieut. Murrthou, Windsor	30
Capt. Trafion, Sussex	30
Capt. Hudson, Carleton	30
Lieut. McWilliams, Carleton	30
Ensign Larder, Halifax I.	28
Sergt. McDowd, Dartmouth	27
Mrs. Lonther, Springfield	26
Mrs. Ross, Fredericton	25
Mrs. Crossman, Halifax I.	25
Capt. Butt, Fairville	25
Capt. Parsons, Digby	25
Sergt. Mrs. England, Chatham	25
Lieut. Harding, Annapolis	25
Mrs. Ensign Knight, Westville	25
Lieut. Lebas, Bear River	25
A. Thompson, Moncton	24
Ensign Parsons, St. John I.	24
Capt. Wilson, Bridgetown	24
M. Marshall, St. John I.	20
Adjt. Frazer, Halifax I.	20
F. Matthews, N. Sydney	20
B. Sharpam, Windsor	20
Sergt. Moore, Charlottetown	20
Sergt. Maybee, Charlottetown	20
Adjt. Graham, Charlottetown	20
Capt. Ebsary, Lunenburg	20
Capt. T. Perry, North Head	20
Lieut. Munro, North Head	20
Capt. Bell, Somerset	20
Capt. Ryan, Bear River	20
Bro. Bradbury, St. John I.	20

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

100 Hustlers.

Lieut. Crawford, Brantford	255
Lieut. Kitchen, London	246
Mrs. Rock, Chatham	195
Lieut. Kunkle, Woodstock	158
Capt. Horwood, Windsor	110
Lieut. Barner, Leamington	105
Cadet-Lieut. Yeomans, Wingham	95
Lieut. Malsey, St. Thomas	95
Lieut. Craft, Guelph	80
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Stratford	80
Ensign Jarvis, Tilsonburg	80
Capt. Heater, Clinton	75
Capt. Jordanson, Hespeler	75
Cadet Erb, Galt	75
Ensign Hollett, Galt	75
Emma McDougall, Goderich	75
Capt. Mathers, Blenheim	75
Capt. Harkin, Forest	70
Capt. Hiley, Sarnia	70
Capt. Carr, Petrolia	68
Capt. Williams, Woodstock	67
Lieut. Cook, Sarnia	67
Sister Brodick, Stratford	67
Mand Stagers, Wallaceburg	64
Sister Britton, Stratford	60
Lieut. Winters, Wingham	60
Mrs. Dr. Green, Bridgetown	56
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	55
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	52
Sergt. Palmer, London	50
Bro. McColl, Drayton	50

Capt. Huntington, Wallaceburg	26
Ensign Gamble, Guelph	26
P. S. M. Dearing, Hespeler	25
Mrs. Shepley, Wallaceburg	25
Mother Cutting, Essex	25
Lieut. Allen, Stratford	25
Mrs. Ensign Sloie, Seaford	25
Lieut. Edwards, Ridgeway	25
Capt. White, Chatham	25
Bro. Hyde, Sarnia	25
Sister Bryson, Petrolia	25
Sister Blackwell, Petrolia	25
Sister I. Christner, Petrolia	25
Mrs. Christner, Petrolia	25
Capt. Coe, Ingersoll	25
Mrs. Knapp, Ingersoll	25
Sister Fobister, St. Thomas	25
Celestia Stryer, St. Thomas	25
Mother Brondwell, Kingsville	25
Bro. Muggrave, Wroxeter	25
Sergt. McElroy, St. Thomas	24
Sergt. Anderson, Wntford	23
Mrs. Harris, London	23
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	23
J. S. S. M. Hockin, St. Thomas	21
S. M. Graham, Thamesville	21
Ensign Scott, Clinton	20
C. C. Crawford, Paris	20
Marshall Benn, Wallaceburg	20
Lieut. Burney, Wallaceburg	20
Malsey Smith, Tilsonburg	20
Stanley Rumble, Chatham	20
Bro. Christner, Dresden	20
Pearl Hardacre, Chatham	20
Capt. Coy, Seaford	20
Reggie Rowe, Brantford	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

77 Hustlers.

P. S. M. Dudley, Ottawa	175
Capt. Burch, Clinton	163
Capt. Hickman, Pleton	144
Capt. Carter, Belleville	130

Sergt. Vacour, Montreal I.	41
Capt. Crego, Campbellford	41
Sergt. Stone, Paterboro	40
Capt. Woods, Sunbury	38
Adjt. Kendall, Ottawa	38
Mrs. King, Napanee	37
Capt. Ruddall, Port Hope	35
Lieut. Laughey, Port Hope	35
Capt. Cook, Brockville	35
Lieut. Waugh, Brockville	35
Mrs. Major Turner, Peterboro	35
Lieut. Hoole, Napanee	32
Mrs. Simons, Kingston	30
Mrs. Dine, Kingston	30
Sergt. Proctor, St. Johnsbury	30
Capt. Norman, Quebec	29
Lieut. Bushey, Kempsville	29
Mrs. Hilpern, Montreal I.	29
Willie Williams, Montreal I.	29
Envy Magee, Wakefield	25
Sister McCorkel, Ottawa	25
Adjt. Babington, Peterboro	25
Lila Walsh, Port Hope	25
Sister DeWitt, Pleton	25
Mrs. Jewell, Pleton	25
And. Sherborn, Campbellford	25
Mrs. Wheelock, Kingston	25
Mrs. Barber, Kingston	25
Mrs. Clapp, Port Hope	25
Trens. Hayes, Napanee	23
Sister Kimberley, Arnprior	22
Sister Combs, Arnprior	22
Sister Robinson, Peterboro	21
Sergt. Brown, Montreal I.	21
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I.	20
Sergt. Leworthy, Pleton	20
Bro. Sparks, Ogdensburg	20
Lieut. Mendenhall, Pleton	20
Dad Duquett, Trenton	20
Mrs. Downey, Kingston	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

66 Hustlers.

Lieut. Currell, Hamilton I.	350
Minnie Gimbet, Temple	310
Capt. Hannah, Midland	16
Lieut. E. Meador, Sturgeon Falls	15
Cadet Dauberville, Lippincott St.	14
Capt. Stephens, Owen Sound	15
Capt. McLennan, Owen Sound	15
Ethel White, Barrie	15
Adjt. Burrows, Barrie	15
Capt. Wilson, St. Catharines	10
Lieut. Wilson, St. Catharines	10
Sergt. Mrs. Stewart, Lisgar St.	10
P. S. M. Tyler, Bowmanville	10
S. M. Hinton, Oakville	10
Adjt. Walker, Riverside	10
Lieut. Porter, Riverside	10
Ensign McDonald, Doverscourt	10
Sergt. Bowcock, Lippincott St.	10
Capt. Meeks, Barrie	10
Lieut. Porter, Dundas	10
Capt. Curwardine, Dundas	10
Lieut. McGregor, Brantford	10
Capt. Pattenden, Newmarket	10
Lieut. Pattenden, Newmarket	10
Sergt. Thiek, Lisgar St.	10
Maggie Bowman, Temple	10
Capt. McCann, Hamilton I.	10
Cadet Lister, Jago, Hamilton I.	10
Capt. Stilliker, Riverside	10
Father Dixon, Temple	10
Capt. Howcroft, Collingwood	10
Mrs. Bell, Collingwood	10
Lieut. J. Marshell, Little Current	10
Mrs. Medlock, Little Current	10
Ensign Lott, Menford	10
Capt. Stickells, Lindsay	10
Sergt. Mrs. Kane, St. Catharines	10
Sergt. Goding, Lippincott St.	10
Capt. Brooketts, Aurora	10
Sergt. Mrs. Stephens, St. Catharines	10
Lieut. Stickells, Aurora	10
Capt. Stephens, Fenelon Falls	10
Capt. Liddard, Fenelon Falls	10
Capt. Banks, Bracebridge	10
Capt. Lister, Huron St.	10
Capt. Clark, Huntsville	10
Capt. Bond, Huntsville	10
L. Coy, Hamilton I.	10
Capt. Howdell, Bowmanville	10
Sergt.-Major Bowers, Lisgar St.	10
Corps-Cadet McCarney, Riverside	10
Capt. LeCoeq, Temple	10
Cadet Owen, Temple	10
Capt. Crego, Meaford	10
Cadet West, Lippincott St.	10
L. Royer, Bracebridge	10
Mrs. Adjt. Bell, Lindsay	10
Bro. Calver, Bracebridge	10
Bro. Allan, Bracebridge	10
Sergt. Simpson, Lisgar St.	10
Sergt. Brown, Huntsville	10
Cadet-Lieut. Minnes, Uxbridge	10
Mrs. Capt. Lister, Huron St.	10
P. S. M. Southwell, Huron St.	10
Bro. M. Langridge, Huron St.	10
P. S. M. Smith, St. Catharines	10

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

52 Hustlers.

Capt. Livingston, Edmonton	160
Lieut. A. Cook, Jamestown	87
Lieut. J. Cook, Rat Portage	84
Lieut. Papstein, Winnipeg	83



UNCLE JOSIAH: "Say, Aunt Rachel, this Lieut. Currell must be a brick! She is beating herself again this week, and went and sold three hundred and fifty Crys."

AUNT RACHEL: "Then, of course, she's in the Ambitious City, and that's catching."

Lieut. Greenwood, Simcoe	50
Adjt. Blackburn, Simcoe	50
Capt. Dowell, Stratford	50
Mary Schuster, Berlin	50
Capt. Wiseman, Berlin	50
Sergt. Roda Keeler, Windsor	48
Capt. Hancock, Palmerston	47
Lieut. Smith, Ingersoll	45
Adjt. McGilvary, Brantford	45
Capt. Sitzer, Goderich	45
Lieut. Yeomans, Essex	45
Sergt. Glover, Dresden	44
Capt. Gibson, Norwich	40
Lieut. Pickle, Norwich	40
Sister Irwin, Listowel	40
Capt. Ringler, Listowel	40
Sister Lamb, Stratford	40
Ensign Crawford, Goderich	40
Lieut. Crank, Paris	37
Lieut. Feenacy, Palmerston	37
Nellie Langley, St. Thomas	30
Capt. Thompson, Theford	30
Sergt. Hockin, Windsor	30
Mrs. Capt. Coy, Seaford	30
Capt. Harman, Bothwell	30
Capt. Copeman, Paris	30
C. C. Eva Simpson, Guelph	30
Sister Lamb, Stratford	30
Mrs. Leather, Stratford	30
Ensign Howcroft, Ridgeway	30
C. C. Dickinson, St. Thomas	30
Bro. D. Kerswell, London	26
Lieut. Plant, Watford	20

Sister Minnie Low	41
Ensign M. Collett	40
Lieut. A. Lawford	38
Mrs. Capt. Gilliam	38
Lieut. D. Cusiter	37
Capt. Blodgett, Br.	35
Lieut. A. White, Br.	35
Mrs. Ensign Habb	35
Lieut. Potter, Gr.	35
Mrs. Adjt. McAm	35
Lieut. Melias, Lu	35
Ensign A. Taylor	35
Auntie Pearce, Col	35
Mrs. Capt. W. W	35
Pringle	35
Lieut. D. Cusiter	35
Cadet McLarch, I	35
Sergt.-Major Mrs.	35
Lake	35
Lieut. E. Cusiter	35
Lieut. E. Gumble	35
Lieut. E. Moller	35
Secretary Harber	35
Mrs. Capt. Wilkin	35
Capt. N. Meyers	35
Capt. R. Taylor, M	35
Capt. A. Pearce	35
Sergt. Mrs. Smith	35
Capt. H. Habb	35
Lieut. L. Nuttall	35
Sergt. D. Taylor	35
Capt. L. Smith, M	35
Lieut. Haugh, M	35
Capt. J. Ferguson	35
Capt. A. Brundee	35
Lieut. A. Quist, V	35
Lieut. A. Lewick	35
Capt. McKay, Mo	35
Lieut. Ragnald, M	35
Sergt. M. Chapman	35
Lieut. W. Meron	35
Cadet Mansell, G	35
Sister E. Chapman	35
Capt. E. Anderson	35
Mrs. Capt. Cronan	35
Lieut. W. Oxenro	35
Lieut. A. Hall, M	35
Sergt. Trewh, W	35
Capt. Hall, Lethb	35

NEWFOUNDLAND.

30 Hustlers.

Sergt. J. Liddstone	35
P. S. M. J. Liddstone	35
Mrs. Newman, T.	35
Sergt. E. Hutchin	35
Lieut. Somers, D.	35
Sergt. Marshall, I.	35
Sergt.-Major Eber	35
Sergt. Ayer, Gran	35
Sergt. Dave, Thi	35
See. King, Thi	35
Capt. Barry, Thi	35
Sergt. Crane, Ha	35
Sergt. Ash, Carib	35
P. S. M. Ayres	35
Sergt. Mrs. Harri	35
Cadet White, St.	35
Cadet French, St.	35
Cadet Paddel, St.	35
Sergt. Blackmore	35
Sergt. Evans, Ha	35
Sergt. Farrell, Ch	35
Mrs. Crocker, H	35
Sergt. Pitches, B	35
Sergt.-Major Bar	35
Cadet Ebsary, St.	35
Sergt. Mugford	35
Sergt. Strowbridge	35
Sergt. Payne, St.	35
Sergt. Elias, St.	35
Sergt. Carter, St.	35

THE K.

1 Hustler.

Capt. Long, Skag	35
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THE EASTERN S
SHINE IN
SPL
Arab Reaches the
ger Again Slac
Mag Pass Him
is the Pacif

Currell Once Again
Twenty-four

The Eastern
serene beauty
Blue Nose ansl



Selected by Staff-Capt. Stanyon.



Staff-Capt. Stanyon commenced his career as an officer at the Congress Hall Training Home, in 1891, where five profitable months were spent. His appointment in England, with the exception of the last two, viz., Junior Secretary, to Major Lord and F. O. at Islington, were in connection with the Army's Training operations in that country, or, in other words, Captain Stanyon was a Garrison Officer. The command of the Kingston corps and District occupied the Staff-Captain's attention for eleven months on his transfer to Canada, in July, 1896. Here God blessed his efforts, and many souls were brought into the light. His marriage with Adj. Pease, then Private Secretary to the Field Commissary, took place in the Pavilion, Toronto, on June 28th. In the presence of a very large audience. Almost two years on the Headquarters and Provincial Staff followed, after which came the Staff-Captain's appointment to his present position as Chancellor of the C. O. P. He is an energetic Salvationist, successful in his undertakings, and beloved by his comrades.

Holiness.

Tune.—Friend of sinners (B.J. 56).

1 All things are possible to him
Who can in Jesus' name believe;
Lord, I no more Thy truth blaspheme,
Thy truth I lovingly receive;
I can, I do believe in Thee,
All things are possible to me.

The most impossible of all
Is that I ever from sin should cease;
Yet, shall it be? I know it shall;
Jesus, look to Thy faithfulness.
If nothing is too hard for Thee,
All things are possible to me.

When Thou the work of faith hast wrought,
I here shall in Thine image shine;
Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought;
Let men exclaim, and fiends rejoice;
They cannot break the firm heaven;
All things are possible to me.

All things are possible to God.
To Christ, the power of God in man;
To me, when I am all renewed;
When I in Christ am formed again;
And witness from all sin set free,
All things are possible to me.

Tune.—Anything for Jesus.

2 Anything for Jesus, I will do or dare,
Gladly in His glory or His sorrow share;
I will be a soldier, loyal, brave, and true,
Ready, at His bidding, just to be or do.

Chorus.

Anything for Jesus, I will do and not fear;
Anywhere for Jesus, be it far or near.
Everything for Jesus, nothing I withhold,
Henceforth, by His wishes, every thought controlled;
I would be His servant, gladly to fulfil
All His love revealeth of His wondrous will.

Anything for Jesus, be it peace or pain,

His continual presence is my constant gale;
Childlike I will trust Him thro' this little while,
Daily looking upwards, just to catch His smile.

Nothing without Jesus, nothing great or small,
Troubles may oppress me, He shall know them all;
As the Bible revealeth all things to her lord,
So my heart concealeth neither thought nor word.

Everything in Jesus, all complete I stand,
Righteousness receiving at His royal hand;
One with Him in glory, reigning on His throne,
Self now lost in Jesus, walk with Him alone.

War and Experience.

Tune.—Shout aloud salvation (B.J. 2, S.M. 11, 46).

3 Shout aloud salvation, boys, we'll have another song,
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along.
Sing it as our comrades sang it many millions strong,
As they were marching to glory.

Chorus.
March on, march on, we bring the jubilee,
Fight on, fight on, salvation makes us free;
We'll shout our Saviour's praises over every land and sea,
As we go marching to glory.

How the anxious shout it when they hear the joyful sound!
How the weakest conquer when the Saviour they have found!
How our grand battalions seem to spring out of the ground,
As we go marching to glory.

Yes, and there are Christian men that weep with joyful tears,
When our Saviour's honored as He has not been for years,
And a full salvation drives away their doubts and fears,
As we go marching to glory.

"Oh, they're helpless nobodies," our enemies made boast,
They forgot that with us comes the Almighty Holy Ghost,
And unseen battalions of the glorious heavenly host,
As we go marching to glory.

So we'll make a thoroughfare for Jesus and His train;
All the world shall hear us, as fresh converts still we gain;
Sin shall fly before us, for resistance is in vain,
As we go marching to glory.

Tune.—I feel like singing (S.M. 1, 470).

4 I feel like singing all the time,
My sins are washed away,
For Jesus is a Friend of mine,
I'll serve Him every day.

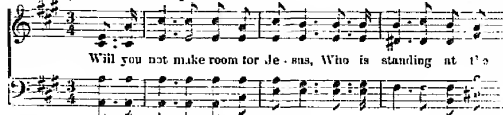
Chorus.

Singing glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

Room for Jesus!

Words and music by Miss HERBERT H. BOOTH.

mf. Moderato con express.



Will you not make room for Je-sus, Who is standing at the



door? Will you heed His tender pleadings, And be happy ever more?



CHORUS. Allegro. mf.

Room, room, room, room, O sinner, make room for your heart!



Room, room, room, room, O sinner, make room in your heart!

Will you not make room for Jesus?
Other friends have entered in;
Other guests have been well treated;
Have you not a place for Him?

Will you not make room for Jesus?
Other loves have left a void;
But this Friend of all who sorrow,
Brings a gladness unalloyed.

Will you not make room for Jesus?
Long entreating He has stood;
Oh, what lasting peace would enter,
If to-day you only would.

Will you not make room for Jesus?
He—the soul's entrancing Guest!
He—Who to the weary offers
Hope, and help, and light, and rest!

Will you not make room for Jesus?
Who so well can fill thy breast?
Who so beautifully thy spirit
Who so hid thy soul be blest?

Will you not make room for Jesus?
Why, poor sinner, then delay?
He is waiting for thy answer;
Canst thou longer say Him nay?

When on the cross my Lord I saw,
Naked there by sins of mine,
Fast fell the burning tears; but now
I'm singing all the time.

When fierce temptations try my heart,
I'll sing, "Jesus is mine";
And so, though tears at times may start,
I'm singing all the time.

Oh, happy, happy, singing one,
What music is like thine?
With Jesus as thy Life and Sun,
Go singing all the time.

The angels sing a glorious song,
But not a song like thine;
For I am wash'd in Jesus' blood,
And singing all the time.

Salvation.

Tune.—Oh, turn ye (B.B. 19, B.J. 86, S.M. 1, 100).

5 Oh, turn ye! oh, turn ye! for why
will ye die,
When God, in great mercy, is
drawing so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says,
"Come!"
And angels are waiting to welcome
you home.

How vain the delusion, that while you
delay,
Your hearts may grow better by stay-
ing away!
Come wretched, come starving, come
just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flow-
ing so free.

Why will you be starving or feeding
on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to
spare!
If still you are doubting, make trial
and see,
And prove that His mercy is boundless
and free.

Tune.—We are out on the ocean sailing
(B.B. 74, S.M. 1, 50).

6 Shiner, we are sent to bid you
To the Gospel feast to-day;
Will you slight the invitation?
Will you, can you yet delay?
Chorus.

Leave, oh, leave your sin and sorrow;
Do not wait until to-morrow;
Now your Saviour kindly calls you,
Come, poor sinner, come away.

Come, oh, come, all things are ready,
To your Saviour's banquet day;
Leave the worthless world behind you;
Seek for pardon, or you die.

What are all earth's dearest pleasures,
Were they more than tongue can
tell?
What are all its hoarded treasures
To a soul when sunk in hell?

Solo of the Week.

Tune.—I do believe (B.J. 23).

7 The Lord descended from above,
I do believe!
To show His wondrous grace and
love.

I do believe!
He saw us helpless lie,
Through sin condemned to die,
And to our help did fly,
I do believe!

Chorus.

I do believe, I do believe,
If you come to Jesus pardon you'll re-
ceive.

Sinner, don't delay,
But come while you may.
He'll take your sins away.
I do believe!

My Saviour died upon a tree,
I do believe!
He shed His blood for you and me.
I do believe!

He bore the awful pain,
For sinners He was slain.
He died and rose again,
I do believe!

Poor sinner, you may come to-day,
I do believe!
For soon your chance will pass away.
I do believe!

He waits to take you in,
And pardon all your sin,
And make you pure and clean,
I do believe!

